

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER JUBILEE IN NEXT NUMBER.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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GOLF AT POSSUMVILLE.

CADDY—"MISS DIDAMOUS'S PET HOG DUN RUN OFF WIF MISTER WILLUMS'S BEST SHOT."

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A Patriotic Speech.

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, Assistant-Secretary of the Navy, made a notable speech at the opening of the Naval War College at Newport. War was the subject of Mr. Roosevelt's address, and he maintained with brave vigor that peace is sometimes less to be desired than war. He said:

"It is not only true that a peace may be so ignoble and degrading as to be worse than any war; it is also true that it may be fraught with more bloodshed than most wars. Of this there has been melancholy proof during the last two years. Thanks largely to the very unhealthy influence of the men whose business it is to speculate in the money market, and who approach every subject from the financial standpoint, purely; and thanks quite as much to the cold-blooded brutality and calculating timidity of many European rulers and statesmen, the peace of Europe has been preserved, while the Turk has been allowed to butcher the Armenians with hideous and unmentionable barbarity, and has actually been helped to keep Crete in slavery. War has been averted at the cost of more bloodshed and infinitely more suffering and degradation to wretched women and children than have occurred in any European struggle since the days of Waterloo. No war of recent years, no matter how wanton, has been so productive of horrible misery as the peace which the Powers have maintained during the continuance of the Armenian butcheries. The men who would preach this peace, and indeed the men who have preached universal peace in terms that have prepared the way for such a peace as this, have inflicted a wrong on humanity greater than could be inflicted by the most reckless and war-loving despot. Better a thousand times err on the side of overreadiness to fight than to err on the side of tame submission to injury, or cold-blooded indifference to the misery of the oppressed."

This is true and well said: It is a pity that we have not more men such as Mr. Roosevelt in public life. War is the inevitable result of life itself, and there is no worse national misfortune than unpreparedness for war.

The Paradox of Acting.

DIDEROT, the French philosopher-encyclopedist of the last century, started an endless discussion when he formulated his famous "Paradoxe sur le Comédien." The paradox of Diderot's thesis is his assertion that the actor's power over the emotions of his audience consists in his remaining unmoved himself. In other words, he must not feel that which he would express. "Extreme sensibility," according to Diderot, "is the mark of mediocrity: it is the absolute lack of sensibility that makes sublime actors."

The most recent of many more or less scientific investigators of this debatable proposition is Monsieur Binet, a reputable savant, who is director of the "psychological laboratory" of the Sorbonne, at Paris. Monsieur Binet has solicited the opinions and confidences of leading actors and actresses on this subject, and from these concludes that Diderot's theory will not hold water. The general effect of the professional testimony is to convince the inquirer that the actor's artistic emotion is the real thing, and an essential element of his sincerity. Still, the testimony is far from being unanimous, on one side or the other. Mounet-Sully, for example, declares that at his best he has known the actual furor of the parricide, and has experienced the hallucination of the dagger piercing his own flesh. Coquelin, on the other hand, never feels anything in particular. As a matter of fact, both these artists, on their professional visits to this country, failed to move us one-hundredth part as much as did Henry Irving, who doesn't bother about either theory. Madame Bartet, of the Comédie Française, finds her emotions moved by sympathy with the characters she represents. Sarah Bernhardt can instantly touch any key in the whole gamut of passion, and shed tears as easily as smiling—but this latter is a universal feminine attribute, and by no means peculiar to the dramatic profession.

Now, Monsieur Binet's observations are well enough, as far as they go, but they are very insufficiently documented. Perhaps he would be interested to learn that some of the most prominent people on the American stage to-day absolutely contradict his summary conclusions, and hold to the thesis of Diderot. Maggie Cline, for example, in the midst of her realistic rendering of "Throw him down, McClusky!" which never fails to awaken the Olympian thunders of the gallery, retains her self-possession sufficiently to wink her eye at the orchestra leader, and remark in an audible aside: "Oh, I ought to be on Broadway." John L. Sullivan may be seen taking a drink in the wings one minute, and the next thrilling his audience with a left-hand swing of irresistible force. That subtle comedian, Bob Fitzsimmons, never forgets himself on the stage, even at the supreme moment when he is punching his adversary a knock-out blow in the solar plexus. Jim Corbett, our most strikingly original romantic actor, can land a masterly hook on the jaw of his understudy, without for an instant losing

his self-consciousness or getting out of focus of the veriscope.

There are many other luminaries of the American stage who might be quoted in support of Diderot, if they could spare the time from their vaudeville engagements to be interviewed. Enough has been said, however, to show that the so-called "paradox of acting" is still an open question.

The Chances of Success.

IT is the cry of the times that with the growing power of capital and combination the chance for the individual is decreasing. Most men will tell you that there are no such opportunities as there were in the good old times. But the men who have won generally dissent from this view.

Mayor Strong, who came to New York from Ohio, and considered himself fortunate to get a hundred dollars a month, has become more than a millionaire by industry and business sense, and it is his opinion that there is no place where the possibilities of success are greater than in Greater New York. "Any man who expects to succeed in New York," he said to a reporter recently, "must come here determined to rely upon himself. He must push out for himself, and not depend upon his friends. The boy who does that is sure to succeed if he has good principles and good habits. He must, however, bend every energy towards accomplishing what he sets out to do, and he must be economical in respect to money, time, and strength."

There is a great deal of wisdom in these few sentences. If they are followed strictly they will make success anywhere in the country. The chances of success are always with the man who devotes himself to one thing, and they are pretty apt to turn into certainties if he practices economy in money, time, and strength. He may even be a little extravagant in money, but time and strength are all-important. The unhappiest wrecks of business and the professions have been with those who wasted sleep and health. There is no doubt that the country will keep on in its marvelous growth, that each day will open new avenues of profit, that the increasing needs will make larger advantages. The man who watches and works and saves is the future millionaire.

The Summer Meetings.

FROM the middle of May to the last of October there are thousands of conferences and conventions held in this country. Once the camp-meeting was the great summer habit, and it still remains in many sections, numbering altogether many thousands and drawing together hundreds of thousands of people. In the early days it was primitive, and with the colored people it is still crude. For instance, within a day's travel from New York camp-meetings can be found where the only shelter is in large wagons placed in the usual circle and made convenient by sinking the wheels until the body is a comfortable step from the ground. There are other camp meetings where the tents are handsome, well-built cottages, and at one place which we have in mind the grounds, as they are called, form a regular park, where people live all through the summer, and where the religious fervor is confined to two weeks of Sam Jones and other attractions.

But outnumbering the camp-meetings are the various conventions and conferences. There are Chautauquas all over the country. There are teachers' institutes; there are meetings of all sorts of sciences, isms, and philanthropies. Hundreds of enterprising college professors add to their incomes by lectures. Whole colonies go on excursions and call their pleasure an annual congress. They get cheap rates and they have their fun together. It would be rash to attempt to calculate how much money all this means, but it is a good many millions, and the transportation companies profit by it. The general good is in bringing the people of similar tastes and interests together and widening their scope of experience and information. It also enables a great deal of the bottled-up eloquence of the country to find a safe escape.

A Very Pleasant Change.

WE observe with great satisfaction that the crop of erotic novels this season shows a falling off. Possibly the hard times of the past year or so have unfitted the public taste for such highly-seasoned food, or probably decent people—who, after all, are the majority—have united their condemnation of such sins in their verdict against yellow journalism, and have thus compelled a better sort of respectability.

It is a delightful change, and we hope that it will increase its good work. Here is where the public must recognize its responsibility. It has been the fact in all ages since printing began that if there were a demand for badness there would be outcasts to supply it. When the general taste ran to such things the outcasts simply got worse and worse until their excesses forced the people in self-defense to disown the rascals whom they had encouraged. Of course all the people were not involved in the disgrace, but in a measure most of them were, for whoever buys a questionable book or a yellow newspaper, or reads these things, becomes a partner in the general crime.

The only place to touch the sinners is in the pocket-book. Making money is the sole aim of their labors. They

really do not like it themselves, because it is nasty work—they would prefer something respectable—but they say the public demands it, and that is the only way they can live. So, when the public ceases to demand it the result is a double salvation—the public saves itself and it saves the sinners; for, after all, if they try very hard they can become respectable.

The Education that Helps.

IN these closing days of schools, academies, and colleges, it is pertinent to ask once more the old question whether our educational institutions are giving our young men and women of all social grades and classes that equipment for the real work of life which they most need, and which the schools ought, at least in part, to give. It is a difficult question to decide, and it cannot be dismissed lightly at any time. We doubt very much whether any earnest and conscientious educator is entirely satisfied on this point, any who does not feel that there is still room for improvement in our schemes and methods of instruction so far as they go towards fitting our future men and women for the everyday duties of every-day life. A vast improvement in this respect has been made in our educational systems in the past few years. But is there not much more to be done? Is not too much time still given and too much importance still attached to studies that are almost wholly disciplinary and not of practical utility, to studies that are largely ornamental and not strictly necessary or really useful as a preparation for actual life? Do we in such things give as much consideration as we ought to the fact that the vast majority of our young people rise no higher than our common public schools, and that the first and most serious problem which faces them when their brief school days are over is that of earning their daily bread? Do our public schools help as much as they ought towards the solution of that problem? Even at the risk of exposing one's self to the charge of being grossly materialistic and utilitarian, one may say that any scheme of education which does not help largely to this end is of itself grossly inadequate and defective.

After giving all due and proper place to the educative processes which tend chiefly to the development of taste, to the enlargement of the mental and moral faculties, we cannot and must not forget that for the most of us the life that now is must necessarily be given up largely to a continual wrestling with that ancient and venerable problem on which algebra and geometry throw but now and then a faint light, the problem of how to make ends meet, or how to make a slender purse supply a stout desire. The pure refinements and graces of the schools are excellent in their way, but unless they are united with some attainments of a sort which may be turned to some immediate and practical advantage they go but a little way towards paying rent, or buying clothes, or meeting various other inexorable demands which come upon most men day by day. It is only a species of refined cruelty to create expensive tastes without giving with them, so far as may be, the power for gratification. There can be no doubt that over-education, or education along the wrong lines, is responsible for much of the discontent and wretchedness existing among men to-day.

Wherever the fault may lie, one thing is certain, that there is a tremendous defect somewhere in our systems of education, whereby it is made possible for so many of our young people of all classes to arrive at manhood and womanhood without any clear or definite ideas as to what their life-work is to be, and without any special equipment for any given line of service. The result of this lack of definite preparation for anything in particular is seen in the large number of boys and young men who go drifting up and down the land for years, trying their hand at this thing and that thing before they stumble upon the vocation for which they are best fitted, not being sure, in many cases, whether they have ever found it at all. It is painful to think of the uncertainties, the disappointments, the losses and failures incident to such a lack of preparation and guidance at the outset of life. The partial outcome of it all may be seen in the steadily recruited ranks of criminals, paupers, tramps, and the other misfits and human wrecks which form so large an element of modern society. The responsibility for this state of things ought to be divided between the home and the school. The fault is partly with the parents who neglect to find out, as they can best do, what occupations or professions their children seem best fitted to take up, and then to qualify them, so far as possible, to engage in their allotted work with skill and success. The schools ought to consider these points, whether the parents do so or not; they ought to furnish the initiative in preparatory work and secure the co-operation of parents. The introduction of manual or industrial training in our public schools is the feature needed and best calculated to remedy the faults to which reference has been made. This method of practical education has been greatly advanced in recent years, but it ought to be more generally adopted than it is in educational institutions of all grades and kinds, and more attention should be given to industrial training by educators generally.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—WHEN the New York School of Applied Design was started by Mrs. Dunlop Hopkins, her friends were incredulous, regarding the enterprise merely as the caprice of a pretty woman tired of society. Time has proved that, if a whim it was, it was one destined for infinite good, since it has made a career possible for many women who otherwise must have lacked instruction. "I had traveled extensively," says Mrs. Hopkins, "and studied art, music, and the languages. I soon wearied of fashionable life and determined to devote myself to serious work. I found that manufacturers of textile fabrics, carpets, wall-papers, etc., habitually sent abroad for the original designs they wanted, and I determined to found a school where American women might be trained to supply this demand. The school once started, I did not limit it to industrial art alone, but added a

class in architecture, which has been signally successful. Only a practical understanding of the possibilities of materials, the methods of manufacture, and the necessity of adapting the end to the means can enable any one to be an efficient worker in industrial art, and it is to give this practical knowledge that the school of design was founded."

—Miguel A. Otero—no relation to *la belle*—has been appointed by President McKinley to be Governor of the Territory of New Mexico, succeeding Governor W. T. Thornton. Mr. Otero is a leading citizen of Las Vegas, though he was born in Missouri. His family has been prominent in New Mexico for more than a generation past. His father, Miguel A. Otero, Sr., was attorney-general of the Territory shortly after its annexation, and was its Delegate in Congress for three terms; while his paternal uncle, Antonio José Otero, was one of the

GOVERNOR MIGUEL A. OTERO.

three associate justices of the Supreme Court of New Mexico appointed immediately subsequent to the American occupation. The newly-appointed Governor has himself held many positions of trust, having been cashier of the San Miguel National Bank and clerk of the United States District Court of the Fourth Judicial District of New Mexico, under Chief Justice O'Brien, during the Harrison administration. Mr. Otero is prominent in Masonic circles, being a member of Las Vegas Commandery, No. 2, Knights Templars, and Ballut Abyad Temple, Mystic Shrine, of Albuquerque, New Mexico. Mr. Otero was originally a candidate for United States marshal, with practically the solid Territorial indorsement. The fight for the Governorship became so warm, the candidates being Pedro Pere, H. H. Price, E. F. Hobart, a relative of the Vice-President, E. W. Collier, and G. W. Wallace, that he was finally selected as a compromise candidate.

—President H. H. Vreeland, of the Metropolitan Traction Company of New York City, was once a brakeman on the Long



PRESIDENT H. H. VREELAND.

Island Railroad; and yet he cannot slacken the pace that kills on Dead Man's Curve. But he has done better—for his company—than that, in convincing the courts that Dead Man's Curve is not dangerous. The public insists that it is, but the public is highly inexpert in railroad matters. The Metropolitan Traction Company ought to know what it is about, as it carries six hundred and fifty thousand passengers daily. It squeezes, mauls, and shakes them up, but it carries them somehow—and there is "always room for one more." Speaking of President Vreeland, a writer in the *Brooklyn Times* says: "He ran as a brakeman with the veteran conductor, 'Nate' Holmes, and afterwards was made conductor of a train on the Northport branch. While in that position he was dismissed by the late President Corbin for some alleged breach of the rules. Mr. Vreeland then went to the New York and Northern road, where he was conductor of a freight train first, later being placed in the passenger service. His rapid rise is often commented on by the boys who knew him on the Long Island road, all of them speaking well of their former comrade and expressing satisfaction over his good fortune. President Vreeland wears the same size hat now as he did when a brakeman on the Long Island road, and is the same congenial, sociable, and unassuming man as then."

—The appointment of Frank Damrosch to the superintendence of music in the public schools of New York has given



MR. FRANK DAMROSCH.

great satisfaction to the music-lovers and people of the city. Mr. Damrosch is not only a scholarly musician whose tastes are broad and catholic, but he is an educator in the best sense of the word. He touches the two extremes of New York. The Musical Art Society, founded four years ago for the purpose of studying ancient music, is under the patronage of the most exclusive and wealthy citizens of New York; while the People's Choral Union, on the other hand, has absorbed the interest of the working men and women to such an extent as to have become a great movement. A few years ago Mr. Damrosch organized several classes and volunteered his services to teach any and as many working men and women sight-singing and choral-singing as would be pleased to join. In his own words, the idea was "to bring all men together in the common effort to promote a beautiful art, to lead to an understanding of mutual interests, and thus incidentally to open the way to concerted action in other good causes—this was the aim of the people's singing movement, as much as the more obvious one of teaching every one to sing or of establishing a people's chorus." There are now seven classes, which meet in different parts of the city and are in charge of instructors appointed by Mr. Damrosch, who has personal charge of the advanced class. The sustaining sentiment of the movement is "for the

people, by the people," and, consequently, the People's Choral Union has become a great factor in the city, with ever-growing branches. In addition to its musical and philanthropic significance, it is a great organization, whose machinery is as simple as that of a wheel and its spokes. Having demonstrated his musical culture, his judgment, simple method of instruction, and executive ability, great things are expected from Mr. Damrosch; and it is not unreasonable to predict that his influence for the good of music and humanity will extend throughout the country and have more than a local significance.

—Verdi, the musical grand old man of Italy, is evidently of opinion that a man in his eighties is in the golden prime of life. Two or three years ago he gave to the world his delightful opera of "Falstaff," just to show how copiously the fount of inspiration may flow in the soul of an octogenarian. At Genoa, he rides the bicycle. His real delight, however, is in pastoral life at his country place, like the poet Horace on his Sabine farm. Verdi's farm is in the neighborhood of Piacenza. On his recent birthday



GIUSEPPE VERDI.

—his eighty-third—the patriarchal composer was seen at five o'clock in the morning at the weekly market in town, whither he had brought some sheep to sell. He also wished to buy a cow and some vegetables, and so spent the entire day among the agriculturists and traders of the market-place. It was like a chorus scene in one of his own operas. At six o'clock in the evening he invited his bucolic friends to the inn and treated them to a rousing supper, at which *rino rosso* flowed liberally, and the company roared out the Italian equivalent of "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

—Camille Pissarro was, with his friend, the late Edouard Manet, one of the pioneers of the modern *plein air* or "impressionist" movement, which to-day furnishes the dominant note in French painting.

M. CAMILLE PISSARRO.
By courtesy of Durand-Ruel.

He is the *doyen* of the "school" which includes such great, though dissimilar, representatives as Monet, Sisley, Boudin, Caillebotte, Renoir, Raffaelli, Degas, and Berthe Morizot. Of the lot, Pissarro comes perhaps the nearest to being popularly intelligible. Scarcely a dozen years have passed since the first general exhibition of these impressionist painters, including Pissarro, was given in New York City, under the auspices of Durand-Ruel. That was a field day for the caricaturists and burlesquers, and only the enlightened, critical few took the revelation seriously. Yet the whirligig of time has already brought its revenges, and the genius of these poetic revolutionists is fully vindicated on this side of the Atlantic, commercially as well as critically. The history of their influence here is the history of the development of our younger American painters during the past ten years. In Europe the battle of the "impressionists" was fought and won long ago, though a few academical conservatives of the old Champs-Élysées Salon still hold out against them.

—C. M. Barnes, the new Governor of Oklahoma, won a victory in securing the appointment which stamps him as one of the



GOVERNOR C. M. BARNES.

most adroit politicians of the West. Mr. Barnes secured his political schooling in Arkansas during reconstruction days and afterward, when it required courage and nerve to be known as a Republican, and he demonstrated the thoroughness of his training and his ability as a fighter when he went into the fight for the Governorship with the entire party machine of the Territory against him and won the place. Born in Livingston County, New York, fifty-two years ago, he early went

to Michigan with his parents, and when not yet sixteen years of age enlisted in the engineer corps at Battle Creek and served four years in the army. In 1866 he settled in Little Rock, Arkansas, and went into business and politics. At an early age he became a party leader, and he filled many places of honor and trust in that State, the last being that of United States marshal. In 1889 he joined the throng bound for the promised land and went to Oklahoma, being appointed receiver of the Guthrie Land Office. He served his full time in that place, and has since been twice elected to the Legislature, being speaker of the House in the Third Assembly, and, though one of a small minority in the session just closed, being by all odds the most influential man on the floor. He was first department commander of the Grand Army of the Republic of Oklahoma, and first grand commander of the Territorial Knights Templars, and is a leader in many other movements and enterprises, public and private.

—There has been shipped from the Watertown (Massachusetts) Arsenal one of the new twelve-inch disappearing coast-defense



MAJOR REILLY.

guns, designed for modern warfare. Major Reilly, the commandant of the arsenal, and under whose personal supervision the mighty engine of war was manufactured and constructed, is highly pleased at his latest triumph, and the War Department, too, is proud of its newest coast-defense weapon. Major Reilly has produced the gun complete at a cost of thirty-seven thousand dollars, and is of the opinion that he can duplicate it for several thousand dollars less. This is a reduction of over a quarter of a million dollars from the original price. Major Reilly is by birth a Pennsylvanian, was educated at West Point, and saw active service at the close of the Rebellion as an ordnance officer on the staff of General McPherson. Most of his years in the service of the government have been spent in this branch of the service at the various arsenals. For some years he was stationed at the Military Academy at West Point as an instructor of ordnance, and for six years was on the staff of General Sheridan. Since his connection with the Watertown Arsenal five years ago, he has earned the approval of the War Department, and has given the arsenal a reputation far beyond the limits of the United States.

—John L. McLaurin, whom Governor Ellerbe, of South Carolina, has appointed to succeed the late Judge Earle as Senator,



SENATOR JOHN L. MCLAURIN.

is a representative of the younger element in South Carolina politics. He is a graduate of the University of Virginia. In 1890 he was practicing law at Bennettsville, Marlboro County. That was the year Benjamin R. Tillman made his appearance on the political horizon, and Mr. McLaurin won a seat in the Legislature by advocating Tillman's election as Governor. The next year he was elected by the Legislature to the office of attorney-general. In the campaign of 1892 he was re-elected to the office by the people.

Two years later he was sent to Congress by his district, and in 1896 was re-elected. He was a member of the Ways and Means Committee of the House at the time of his appointment as Senator. Mr. McLaurin is what is technically known in South Carolina as a "reformer," though he has never been an extremist and has always enjoyed a degree of popularity with all factions in the State. He is a free-silver man, as was his predecessor, so that his appointment does not affect the standing of the Senate on the financial question. Affable in manner, well-educated, physically an athlete, and with three years of training in the House, the new Senator from South Carolina may be depended on to make a good impression in the upper body.

—It is doubtful if there is in the world of juvenile literature a better-known writer than Hezekiah Butterworth. His books



HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

for boys and girls have attained a circulation of hundreds of thousands, and the demand for them increases. For nearly a quarter of a century an associate editor of the *Youth's Companion*, Mr. Butterworth now devotes himself almost entirely to the writing of books for young people and to travel. His stories of old Colonial times in the *Century*, the *Harper* periodicals, and *Ladies' Home Journal* have been read with great interest and have created a demand for more of them. He has published several volumes of poetry, and has probably been "the poet" of more special occasions than any other writer in New England. The whole spirit of Mr. Butterworth's life has been one of helpfulness to others. Wholly unselfish, he has given much of his time and the greater part of his income to others. His personal influence and his writings have created character in the young, and his life has been, and is, one of the widest usefulness.



MADGE LESSING, IN "THE WHIRL OF THE TOWN."
Copyright by Falk.



MABEL CLARKE, IN "THE GIRL FROM PARIS."



IDA CONQUEST, IN "UNDER THE RED ROBE."
Photograph by Pach.



Marie Celeste as *Ophelia*. Eva Davenport as *Lady Macbeth*. Marguerite Sylva as *Juliet*.
SCENE FROM "A ROUND OF PLEASURE," AT THE KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE.—Photograph by Byron.



HELEN BERTRAM, COMIC-OPERA PRIMA-DONNA.
Photograph by Schloss.



EFFIE SHANNON, WHO WILL PLAY WITH HERBERT KELCEY
IN "A COAT OF MANY COLORS."
Photograph by Falk.

With two "reviews" running, the roof-gardens furbishing up their decorations and dusting off old specialties preparatory to re-opening, and a floating vaudeville show cruising about the bay, it may be fairly said that the summer season has set in. The two new reviews, or spectacular musical burlesques, are "A Round of Pleasure," at the Knickerbocker Theatre, and "The Whirl of the Town," at the Casino. The "Round" is notable for its gorgeous scenic setting and costumes, and for the galaxy of feminine beauty in its cast. The specialties of Walter Jones and others are diverting, while some of the music is of champagne-like effervescence. The book is re-written every performance, and sometimes the lines are even bright. This idea of continuous-authorship is novel, and ought to take. In the "Whirl" we have a party of gilded Manhattanese youth showing a mermaid the town. The mermaid is pretty Madge Lessing. In the course of her trip from the Battery aquarium to the Casino she sees many wondrous things.

The survivals of the fittest at the other theatres include: "The Circus Girl," with Nancy Mackintosh in the title rôle, at Daly's; "Under the Red Robe," with Ida Conquest replacing Viola Allen as *Renée*, at the Empire; and "The Girl from Paris," with Mabel Clarke dancing, at the Herald Square. The Bijou's comic-opera season opened and closed with "Erminie," but its untimely withering was not the fault of Helen Bertram. Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight verisopically at the Academy of Music every evening, while "Fitz" in the flesh exploits his championship in an excellent vaudeville entertainment at the Star.

SURVIVALS AT THE CITY THEATRES.

MADemoiselle WHITE MOUSE.

By JEROME CASE BULL.

I.
It was a calm and beautiful night in September as, under a cloudless sky and through quiet waters, the steamship *Gaelic* was nearing the coast of Japan. A young man and a girl were walking up and down the deck, talking about nothing at all and about the stars above and the stars below, reflections in the dark waters. There was only one difference in their talk this evening from the usual drift of their conversation—the girl would not be serious. Her companion found it trying to have her laugh at his ideas of love and happiness as though such things were idle jokes; but she laughed at everything he attempted to say seriously, though she always laughed so naturally that he could not be angry with her. He was at his wits' end to know how to make her serious, when an idea came to him. The fact that he had an idea, which fact he very foolishly confessed to her, seemed to amuse her even more than any of his previous remarks, and it was some minutes before she recovered from the hilarious effects of his confession.

"You shouldn't startle me in that way," she said; "I am subject to fits."

Nevertheless the idea was a good one, and it brought about just the situation which he wanted, although the joke, as usual, was on him.

"Do you know," he said, "what I am going to do when we reach Japan?"

"I'm sure I don't," she said, looking up at him sweetly; and then, assuming an air of supreme indifference and shrugging her shoulders, "fall in love again, I suppose."

He smiled in spite of himself at the thrust of her conceit. "No," he said, reflectively, "not again—that is, not necessarily again. What I have done since I knew you, and what I am going to do when I get to Japan, sometimes do go together, but they are not going with me."

"No?" she said, with mock surprise.

"No," he returned, definitely; "falling in love and what I am going to do have nothing in common now. I'm going to marry a Japanese."

She glanced quickly up at his face, only half stifling an outburst of derisive laughter. But he was very serious.

"Yes," he said, "I am going to marry a Japanese, the first pretty little *mousmé* that smiles upon me."

"Indeed," she said with feigned interest, noting well his serious aspect; "but will she have nothing to say about it? How very nice for you—how very easy, I mean. What a lovely time those little women must have, waiting to be married in that fashion." She laughed immoderately.

"Oh, of course she shall say whether she likes me or not," he explained, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"That's very kind of you; I know she will appreciate the privilege—we all do."

He knew his companion well enough not to mind her sarcasms, and so went on: "Her parents shall arrange the marriage. I shall simply purchase a little house with a gilded Buddha in the doorway, with lighted lamps and punks and things before him, and mats all over the floor."

"Oh, how nice, how nice!" and Bess fairly clapped her hands with glee at the prospect he suggested for himself. "The house must be back among the trees on the bluff, where all the swell houses are," she went on, enthusiastically, "and there must be beds of flowers about it and a bamboo hedge and green lawns and a long veranda from which you can look out upon the bay and down on Yokohama. The rooms must be screen rooms, and you can't have chairs—only cushions to sit upon; and then you must have the daintiest of china cups and saucers—of course she will pick them out for you; and your bed"—she raised her arms in ecstasy—"must be a regular Japanese one, so comfortable—a single mat upon the floor and a single cover over you, and one of those wooden pillows that you make such fun of in the pictures beneath your neck. You can have a long, slim pipe by your side and a lacquered tray of tobacco, and then above both of you there will be a gauze net on a frame that will just fit over your mats. You will look like two great blue dragonflies caught in a net, in your loose *kimonas*. You can smoke and smoke and talk as much sentiment as you like, and I am sure she will not mind it in the least, for you will talk in your language and she in hers. Oh, you will be so at home!"

He wondered how much longer the girl he was in love with would go on in that fashion, helping him furnish the house and live the life he had suggested. To be sure, she was able to do it, for Bess Heartwell was almost a Japanese herself. Her father was a tea-merchant in Nagasaki, where he had gone when Bess was very young. In his trade he had amassed a fortune which his wife and child were trying to reduce to reasonable proportions by foreign travel, and it was while on one of their many trips to the United States that young Addison, her present companion and devoted admirer, chanced to meet her in San Francisco some time before this departure for Japan. Bess and Addison had grown to be quite familiar friends. They had been to the seashore together, had driven in the park every afternoon for



two weeks, and, in fun, he had given her his seal ring to keep for a time, until he could redeem a promise he had made her. In her imagination, which had suffered little from want of use, she had married her lover off to a little *geisha*, perhaps, had furnished his house, dressed him, and even put him to bed on his mat under the fly-net. What she would have done with him the next morning he didn't anticipate.

They were at the end of the deck, and stopped to look out across the sea in the wake of the ship. The phosphorescent waters from the propeller, beaten into suds beneath them, stretched away like a path of gold through the darkness.

Bess suggested that it was their trail from the Golden Gate—a pretty idea, he thought; she always had so many at her command, sometimes quaint, sometimes serious, but always happy in their freshness. They stood by the railing for some minutes,



watching, thinking, wondering. Something of the seriousness he had longed for came to Bess, and he did not care to bring up again the subject of his Japanese alliance. Bess had taken him at his word, though he had intended what he had said as a mere joke—something, if possible, to arouse her jealousy. Had he been successful?

She was the first to speak. She asked him to get her banjo, and he hastened below to her state-room. Mrs. Heartwell found the instrument and gave it to him, with a coat, and instructions to make Bess put it on. He tuned the instrument and, putting the coat under his arm, went back to her. Bess had seated herself on a coil of rope. She wouldn't listen to the coat instructions, nor would she take the steamer-chair he got for her. She preferred to be where she was, she said, and emphasized the preference by tipping her head back against the rope-ladder which ran up into the rigging.

The night was superb. There was not a ripple on the sea, which stretched away dark and deep around them. The stars of the Southern Cross were in the southern heavens, and in the east there was the faintest hope of a moon. The air was warm and heavy with the odor of tropical plants and spices; still, there was a certain freshness, a breath of the sea, pervading it which made them long to breathe it forever. Bess had thrown off her cap, and her black hair was partly undone. Addison climbed into a fold of canvas by her side, from which he could see her face. She was looking up at a star that just then shot across the sky.

"Wish!" she said; "wish!"

He wished, and offered to trade wishes, but she insisted that that would spoil the charm. His tuning of the instrument did not suit her. She lowered the strings to a deep and soft bass, and ran a few scales over the frets. He watched her white hands stir the strings into life; the scales ran into a bit of melody, very soft and sweet, and then she joined the strings with her own voice in like melody, and sang, looking up at him.

"For he's going to marry Yum Yum,
Yum Yum,
My anger I'll bury and try to be merry,
Though I think he's a bit of a bum,
bum, bum."

And then she could sing no more, for her tune ran into a merry jig and her voice into a ripple of laughter; and Addison was doing something very foolish—he was trying to kiss her, but she pulled away and ran laughing down the deck.

He sat down and took up the instrument she had left. It had not lost its tune by the fall, and he tried to hum a few familiar airs to some notes he had picked up at college, watching, the while, the moon slowly rise from the waters, sending another path of gold across the ocean to him. His fingers touched the frets more and more lightly, until the tune of regret he was humming and the soft throb of the strings died out together as he dropped asleep and dreamed away into Japan.

II.

It was very early when he awoke. The few clouds in the east from which he had left the moon rising were growing red now in the flush light of the coming sun. They were already at anchor in the still harbor of Yeddo Bay. Before them stretched the shores of little Japan, luxuriantly green and welcoming after their long voyage of twenty days, while further inland rose the cool, white peak of Fusi-yama, silent and alone, reaching its white head up to heaven. Addison gazed long at it before he became aware that he was awake. The beauty of the picture before him, the soft perfume of the air, the stillness of the morning, held him as the dream he had left.

But soon the quiet of all about him changed. Fleets of little boats shot out from the green shores and came racing over the smooth waters towards the ship. As the crafts drew near he detected a spirit of rivalry in their coming; they were evidently striving for first place at the *Gaelic's* ladder. He watched the race eagerly. Now he could see that they were propelled by naked boys and that they were laden with men and women in gay-colored costumes, bringing a lot of queer-looking baggage. As the boats came on and the race grew more and more exciting, the shouts and calls of the rowers came over the water in a medley of unfamiliar sounds. Later the crafts touched the great ship's side and their occupants climbed up the ladders and swarmed over the railings on to the deck.

They were the liveliest lot of peddlers Addison had ever seen. In a moment they had the after-deck spread with an array of curious things that fairly dazzled him—jewelry, vases and bronzes, china cups and saucers and quaint little tea-pots, folding screens, lanterns, little dolls, and a thousand other queer bits.

There was a number of Japanese girls among the merchants. One had a cage of trained white mice which ran hither and thither and came scampering back at her call. She was a pretty little doll in a most bewitching *kimono* of white crepe with a huge *obi* of pink and blue silk tied up in a roll at her back. Her hair was black and glossy and done high

on her head in numberless rolls and folds and knots, with long silver and ivory pins run through them. Her *kimona*, like those worn by the other girls around her, was folded very low across her breast, and one scamp of a mouse had hidden himself in its soft folds, close to her white neck.

Addison was at a loss to know which amused him most—the little mouse in the *kimona* or “Mademoiselle White Mouse,” as he chanced to call her. He had entirely forgotten breakfast, so engaged had he been with these funny little people. They were all about him, on their knees before him, begging him to buy their wares, and bowing and smiling continually. But the little mouse-tamer interested him the most. She was not only pretty, she was sweet. Her little hands and shapely arms, the loose, wide sleeves falling from them as she moved them about, were perfect models of beauty, and her eyes were scarcely more almond-shaped than—than Miss Heartwell's. Indeed, there was a strong resemblance between the two, and Addison was intent on finding just wherein it lay, when that irrepressible laugh of Bess's broke in upon his reverie and he looked up to see her leaning over the railing of the saloon deck and looking down at the scene below. The interruption had, however, solved the question in his thoughts; the resemblance was in the smiling face. It was a strong one.

“Well, you haven't lost any time in picking her out, have you?” Bess said, laughingly. “I have been watching you both this half-hour. I think she likes you, too—that is, *fairly* well. You must make the arrangements, you know, before she gets away. These little *mousmés* are fickle sometimes, like the rest of us.”

They both laughed, and Mademoiselle White Mouse joined them. She certainly understood some English, but Addison was sure that she had no idea of the fiendish suggestion in Miss Heartwell's remarks, for she only bowed and smiled, and made that

could not let Bess think that he had mentioned a Japanese marriage simply to make her jealous. Indeed, there was but one thing to do—he must go ashore with Mademoiselle White Mouse.

“Of course I shall see her ashore,” he answered, carelessly, “as soon as she closes this little show of hers out here.”

Then there was a moment of indecision on Bess's part. A curious expression of doubt came into her eyes as she looked at him; but it passed immediately, and she said, gayly:

“But I want mamma to see these dear little mice first, before you take their keeper away,” and without waiting for Addison to answer, the girls ran away together, Miss Heartwell leading the way and Mademoiselle White Mouse tapping along behind her in her bare feet and wooden sandals, with her mice in their tiny bronze cage strapped to her side.

They had been gone for half an hour, and Addison was beginning to think that perhaps his little mouse-tamer had left the ship without him, when she appeared suddenly at the companionway doors and motioned to him. He hurried to her, expecting to find Bess there also, but to his surprise and relief Mademoiselle White Mouse was alone. He peered down the companionway, looked into the saloon, searched along the deck; Bess was nowhere to be seen. As he realized that she must have been detained below a feeling of nervous haste took possession of him. If he could only get this little mouse-tamer away to shore before Miss Heartwell came up he should at least be spared the humiliation of Bess's derisive laughter following him over the water.

The little *mousmé* seemed more familiar than ever.

“You go ashore with me now?” she said, as he hurried her to the boat's side.

He did not answer. She shuffled along to the ship's ladder and, leading the way down to the water, hailed a *sampan*. He followed her silently, got into the queer little craft that came alongside, and seated himself near her on the mat. One of the little boys who propelled the boat with long, broad oars spoke a few words in Japanese to Mademoiselle White Mouse, and she answered him in similar words, whereupon they both laughed. Another joke on me, thought Addison.

He dared not look back toward the ship. Even though she had spared him the pain of parting, Miss Heartwell, he knew, was looking after him—laughing at him—from her cabin port-hole. He wondered if she knew what he was really doing—if she cared. Was she sorry that he had gone on such a mission? He hoped so. It would be pleasant, when all turned out a joke, as he surely meant it should at first, to know that Bess had cared. Just now he wasn't able to see the point in the joke; indeed, he was dimly inclined towards the belief that it wasn't a joke at all. If circumstances compelled him to carry out the move to its bitter end, however, he felt that there might be some consolation in the fact that Mademoiselle White Mouse was sweet and pretty, and that, in a way, she reminded him of Bess.

Their boat had reached the shore, shot around one of the stone hatobars, and was drawn up to a flight of stone steps before Addison had ceased wondering what it all meant. The little oarsmen helped them out, and ere Addison could pay for their passage his companion had spoken to the boatmen and they would accept nothing from him. The little mouse-tamer scrambled up the steps to the street, and when Addison joined her two *jirikshas* stood ready for them. Seating herself in one of the carriages she motioned to him to take the other. He heard her give her orders to the stout little *djins* who were to draw them:

“To the Tea House of the Hundred Steps.”

Away they rolled over the smooth, clean streets in their curious vehicles, the sprightly little men trotting along in the shafts before them.

How strange it all was to Addison! What a queer pro-bridal trip! Through what narrow streets they flew! By what odd houses! Now and then their *djins* screeched out at the top of their voices some funny-sounding words to clear the way before them, and they whirled by groups of children with shaved heads, and bare feet in high wooden sandals, and clad in little *kimonas* of every color under the sun. When they had passed, the children joined in hot pursuit of them, laughing and jumping about in their wake like little brownies.

Mademoiselle White Mouse looked back occasionally at her companion and waved her fan. They were going in single file, so Addison could not converse with her. Besides, there was too much to be seen for him to do much talking. Every corner brought up new sights, and it was all so odd and strange to him that for the time he forgot where he was, and where he was going he hadn't the faintest idea. In fact, since he had fallen asleep on ship-board the night before, nothing had seemed real. He felt that he must wake soon and find himself still out at sea, with Bess near by, laughing at him as usual.

Soon they came to the foot of a flight of carved steps ascending a steep mountain, and here they stopped and got out. They could not see the head of the steps, for half way up they were hidden by dense foliage.

Mademoiselle White Mouse again paid the fare. The *djins* bowed to the ground several times before her, then trotted off down the road with their empty *rickshas* rattling along behind them.

Addison stood for a moment and gazed absently about him. At last he was away from the noise and hubbub of the streets, away from the gaudy colors, the shouts of the *djins* and the laughter of the little brownies that had so confused him—away from it all, and alone—alone with a strange little being that he had never seen before that morning—a little being that the

woman he loved expected him to— Did Bess really think he could marry a Japanese?—a little *mousmé* who tamed white mice? Had she really taken him seriously that silly night at sea? He sat down at the foot of the steps to think over the situation. He wanted to arouse himself if possible into a realization of where he was and what he was there for. Mademoiselle White Mouse sat down on the step above him.

It was just noon. They could hear the horns of the town below them, and, very faintly, the bells of the watch on the ships in the distance. The air was close and warm, and scented with a mingled odor of Japanese lilies and musk. Addison felt even more in a dream now than when he was being whirled along the crowded streets—his thoughts were more unreal—and by degrees his head hung back until it rested against the soft crepe of his companion's *kimona*.

“I'm sleepy,” he said, forgetting for the moment his surroundings.

Mademoiselle White Mouse did not reply. Instead she laid her hand softly on his shoulder. Absently he took it in his own and gazed at it. It was soft and white and the fingers were long and slim. Suddenly he started. There were several rings on the hand he held—rings he knew well—and on the second finger was his own seal, the ring he had given to Bess in fun in San Francisco. He drew the hand closer to him and fastened his eyes upon the stone. Yes, there were his own initials.

“Where did you get it?” he cried. “Where did you get it?” But then that same, same laugh he had grown to love so well came from the step behind him, and Bess's own natural voice rang out as she joined her hands over his eyes.

“Oh, what a joke I have been playing on you; what a joke, what a joke!” she laughed. “What a joke to tell on you when we go back! You didn't know me from Mademoiselle White Mouse. Don't you think if I try ever so hard I might make an acceptable Japanese in time?”

It was a full minute before Addison realized that Bess had taken Mademoiselle White Mouse's place, but when he looked closely at her and heard that irresistible laugh of hers again there was no longer a doubt. It was Bess, indeed, and he was wide awake in an instant. He caught her in his arms and kissed her this time, though he had to admit that she had played her joke well and deceived him completely.

They climbed the hundred steps to the summit and sat down in the cool shade of the trees. They looked out upon the quiet waters of Yeddo Bay, sleeping in the sunlight at the foot of Fusi-yama, while a little tea-girl brought them tea, the breath of Japan, and they talked of Mademoiselle White Mouse and love until the white peak of the sacred mountain was red in the setting sun.

After Two Decades.

NEW YORK REVISITED BY AN OLD RESIDENT AFTER AN ABSENCE OF TWENTY YEARS.

It is difficult for the resident of a city to keep track of its progress. Changes come about gradually and almost imperceptibly. People note new buildings rising in their neighborhood, but a few months after they have been built the date of their erection is forgotten, and they seem always to have existed where they stand. Fortunes grow, and wealth accumulates little by little, and extravagance gallops in its train; but the yearly steps are short, and though the ground covered in a decade is long, it must be grasped as a whole to be measured.

Between the ante-war period and the period of full reconstruction ten years after the peace, New York underwent a metamorphosis. Paper money generated vast fortunes, which left marks in splendid mansions, a noble park, a feverish thirst for riches, preposterous personal expenditures, a growth of the taste for art, a propensity for ostentation, and a veneer of polish covering the simplicity of the grand old New York life, when men of means dined for two York shillings at a counter, and young ladies went to balls with the sole escort of a casual beau.

But the changes wrought in the following twenty years, as seen by one who left New York twenty years ago and now returns to revisit the scenes of his youth, are still more marked. The old two- and three-story city has been converted into an aggregation of temples of Bel, which make it look like a forest of sequoias, with an underbrush of trees which have been stunted for want of air and sunshine. It no longer grovels on the crust of the earth; it climbs into the sky and lodges its people in the clouds. It has outgrown its clothes, like a youth who is approaching maturity, and whose wrists and ankles mutely plead for covering.

The high building solves the problem how to lodge the largest possible number of people on the smallest possible area of land. It is perhaps the most important of modern improvements. Antiquity knew it not, and when architects in London and Paris piled story on story, their ambition was checked by the natural limit on the length of the stairs which human legs could climb. In our day the elevator has trebled the real value of every city lot. It will enable New York to double its population without enlarging its area, and to concentrate its life within a radius of moderate dimensions. Before the high building came, one-half of a business man's working day was consumed in traveling from place to place; now, with the aid of elevated railroads, cable-cars, and presently electric cars, the merchant or broker is able to supplement the telephone by personal interviews, in the course of a morning, with all those he wishes to see. This amounts to an increase in the potential energy of the citizen which can hardly be measured. It has been said that if Cornaro's dream could be realized, and everybody lived to be a hundred, every one would grow rich and poverty would disappear. The tall building with its elevator, and the admirable system of city transportation, are the nearest approach we can make at present towards this happy consummation.

The effect of the improvement is already reflected in the quality of the people. Quite a visible shrinkage in provincialism within the past quarter of a century is discernible. New-Yorkers come honestly by a cosmopolitan flavor from the variety of the stocks from which they were recruited; but twenty years ago the son of the soil was distinguished by characteristics which were easily detected and were not always broad. The New-Yorker of the 'seventies—as we find him in novels—was



peculiar hissing sound between her teeth, which is considered a sign of great respect and good breeding.

“And so pretty,” Bess continued, looking Mademoiselle White Mouse over from head to foot; “and just as I fancied she should be—for you,” she added. Then, as though some prankish thought had taken possession of her, a roguish expression came into her face, a merry twinkle to her eye, and she burst into a hearty laugh. “But wait,” she said, hurriedly, “I am coming down to speak to her myself.”

When she reached the main deck the little mouse-tamer was all smiles and bows and bisses on her knees before her. Bess could not address her for some moments because of this profuse politeness, and even when she did speak Addison could not understand what she said, for she spoke in Japanese. It was something which evidently amused Mademoiselle White Mouse immensely, for she laughed, a jolly, musical little laugh, and bussed and bowed, and then rattled off a string of soft words which seemed to have no period in them until they came to an end, when Bess and she joined their laugh and both looked at him. Some huge joke, he thought.

“Of course you are going ashore with her, to see where she lives,” Bess said, “and to make some arrangements about the marriage?”

About the marriage! Marriage! What was Bess thinking of? He looked at Miss Heartwell in astonishment. She was perfectly serious; he even detected a trace of sorrow, rather than joy, in her face. Had he gone too far with that silly joke of his about marrying a Japanese? What rubbish! Still, there was Bess as serious as a judge, with not the slightest trace of a smile about her. He could not go back now. He must at least go ashore with this little Japanese, and must know where she lived, for Bess would, he knew, insist on visiting the house when she landed. Besides, now that the matter stood as it did, he

bright, sharp, alert, warm-hearted, and imbued with a high sense of honor; but he was apt to think that he was one of the saints to whom God had given the earth, and that other people were objects of gentle commiseration. The New-Yorker of today tells his story in his face. He has broadened. Intelligence is still his main trait, but it is the ripened intelligence which comprehends that progress grows out of differences of opinion, and that uniformity of thought means stagnation.

As he stands, the cultured end-of-the-century New-Yorker is the peer, and more than the peer, of the Englishman, or Frenchman, or German of the same social grade. He knows more, and what he knows he knows well. He is polished, tolerant, courteous, forbearing, frank. He does not cram his views down the stranger's throat, nor damn him for being a foreigner. He has borrowed from foreign parts what is best in their ways and their habits, and when he is called an Anglo-maniac he smiles good-humoredly. It is a pity that one of our great masters of fiction has not drawn us a typical end-of-the-century New-Yorker of the best class, just to furnish our young fellows a model to toe the line to.

Montaigne says that if you want to take a people's measure in civilization you must study their women. In the last twenty years the women of New York have changed much. In raw beauty they are perhaps inferior to the Philadelphians, and decidedly inferior to the San Franciscans. But they are more highly cultured than either, and more cosmopolitan. Almost every girl one meets in New York appears to have gone through a course of high education. They no longer ask whether it was Shakespeare or Walter Scott who wrote "Vanity Fair," nor why the sea is boiling hot, and whether fish have wings. Simultaneously, croquet and golf, cycling and swimming have developed their physical charms; the use of moulage as an adjunct to the stocking-supporter has quite gone out, and the Bull's Head market is no longer the only place where calves are to be found.

But it is in their style that New York women have made the greatest progress. They possess that peculiar attribute which is called *chic*, and which has been supposed to be peculiar to the Parisienne. It is a difficult quality to describe—a mixture of *finesse*, coquetry, humor, alertness, and good breeding. I observed a young New York matron meet a lady who was not in her set, nor indeed in any set at all. She did not flush, nor expand her feathers, nor gather her daughters round her, as the Countess of Bareacres did when Becky Sharp approached. She just saw the stranger as if she saw her not; as if she had no corporeal existence, and was a mere optical illusion, one of those phantasms which are produced on the stage by a dexterous combination of mirrors. The act was perfectly lady-like; yet it was crushing. It could only have been successfully accomplished by a genuine *grande dame*.

In nothing has the New York girl improved more than in her voice. It used to be shrill and sharp, as if her early youth had been spent in an effort to take the high C or perish in the attempt. Now screechy voices are very rare, and the ear of the patient husband has a rest. Well-bred Englishwomen are famous for their soft, low voices; just as pleasant speech is now heard in New York drawing-rooms. It is the work of patient training; the normal voice of the provincial is in the key of the bagpipe.

What strikes the returning native most in New York is the metropolitan, or perhaps I should say the imperial, air the city has assumed. It no longer struggles for ascendancy, as in the days when Perth Amboy stretched a long, lean Jersey arm for its trade, and five little towns of the seaboard made heroic but ineffectual efforts to become the outlet of the great Western country; it rests contentedly on a supremacy secured for all time, and views with complacent approval the attempts of other cities to emulate its grandeur. What San Francisco is on the Pacific coast, it is and will remain on the Atlantic; a city destined to be more eternal than Rome, as unshakable on its foundations as the Rock of Ages, as magnificent as Babylon when it was the centre of the world.

JOHN BONNER.

The Shaw Monument.

A FEW days ago I received a letter from an ex-Confederate soldier, now residing in Charleston, South Carolina, who was in the battle at Fort Wagner. In this letter this white gentleman told me that soon after Colonel Shaw was shot he cut a button from his uniform, before his body was thrown in the trench with those of his dead black soldiers. He further added, now that all was over, he would like the privilege of presenting this button to the family of Colonel Shaw.

Within the last month I saw in New York an ex-Confederate soldier from South Carolina, with an empty sleeve, pleading before a committee for money to be used in educating the black people of South Carolina.

Not long ago I saw in Boston a black officer who lost a leg at Fort Wagner, walking the streets arm in arm with an ex-Confederate white soldier with an empty sleeve, from Kentucky, who had come to Boston to secure money with which to maintain an orphan asylum, in which this white man was a teacher, under the control of a black superintendent.

When I was asked, a few weeks ago, by a Boston committee to deliver an address on the 31st of May at the unveiling of the statue on Boston Common in memory of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, I was impressed with the change that had taken place in the sentiment of the people of Massachusetts since Colonel Shaw was asked, more than thirty years ago, by Governor John A. Andrew, to form a negro regiment. But a change has come not only in Massachusetts, but throughout the country, since that time, as the incidents with which I began this article indicate more clearly than anything I can say.

It would be hard for any white man to appreciate to what an extent the negro race reveres and idolizes the name of Colonel Shaw. Not so much for what he did as for the principle for which he stood. Recently, I have had the privilege of reading a private letter written by Colonel Shaw's mother to Major George L. Stearns, who was largely instrumental in recruiting and forming the Fifty-fourth (Massachusetts) Regiment of colored troops. In this letter Mrs. Shaw says: "It will be the proudest day of my life when I can see my only boy at the head of a

negro regiment." At this distance few can realize what such an expression meant at that time. Here we have the only son of one of the most cultivated and distinguished families in the North willing to resign a position in a successful white regiment to cast his fortune with a negro regiment. There were but few in the North who favored the experiment of making the negro a soldier, and still fewer who favored putting the negro soldier on absolute equality with the white soldier. There were few who thought the negro would be a success as a soldier. His courage and ability were doubted. Beyond all this, he belonged to a servile race. It was the open boast of the Southern soldiers that negro soldiers would be given no quarter—that if captured, both they and their officers would not be dealt with in accordance with the rules of civilized war. In making his decision all this Colonel Shaw had to face. When Governor Andrew and his father once made him see that it was his duty to head the negro regiment he did not hesitate for a moment. Neither the danger on the battle-field nor the threatened loss of social position had weight with him. He counted his own life as nothing if it might be used in saving the country and freeing the black man. Soon there came to his aid as officers dozens of men who represented the bluest and best blood in the North. From the time that Colonel Shaw organized this black regiment until the present, the negro has been a success as a soldier, as is proved by the fact that there are now several fine colored regiments enlisted in the regular service. Besides, every Southern State now has several companies of colored militia. In Alabama there is a colored regiment that is on the same footing as the white regiments of that State.

Colonel Shaw succeeded in making the negro a soldier because he had faith in him as a man. Any one will succeed in dealing with the negro who has faith in him in any capacity.

As all truly brave men are, Colonel Shaw was generous to the enemy. Nothing in his army career seems to have given him so much pain as the fact that by the orders of a superior officer he was compelled to burn the town of Darien, Georgia. In his letters he repeatedly referred to this as being an act against which his whole nature rebelled. If he lived to-day none would be more anxious and active to blot out all cause for difference between North and South.

Few, if any, monuments erected in this country—now that the full meaning of Colonel Shaw's deeds and death are understood—will possess a wider and more genuine interest for all classes than that which has just been dedicated in Boston. In every act the black regiment justified Colonel Shaw's faith in it. In the war there were no braver deeds than those performed by the negro soldiers at Fort Wagner. Soon after the battle one of the wounded soldiers wrote that if the giving of his life would have saved that of Colonel Shaw he would have gladly given it.

With all his faults the negro has never proved himself ungrateful, nor has he ever betrayed a friend. During the war he betrayed neither the Yankee nor the Confederate when his honor as a friend was at stake. The negroes are most grateful to the committee in Boston who have secured this magnificent monument, and by their efforts to secure property, education, and character, they are trying to prove to the world that the precious sacrifices that have been made in their behalf were not in vain.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

Flanagan's World Hammer-Throwing Record.

AT Bayonne, New Jersey, on Decoration Day, the games of the New Jersey Athletic Club, brilliant and fortunate in all their principal events, were especially signalized by the hammer-throwing performance of John Flanagan, of Limerick, Ire-

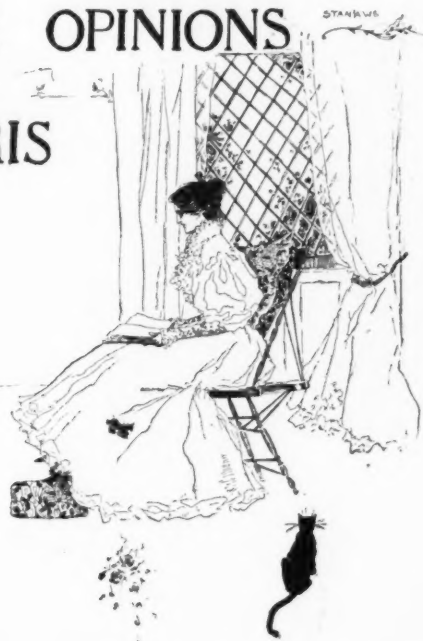


FLANAGAN THROWING THE HAMMER.

land. This Irish giant, standing in a seven-foot circle, threw the "hammer"—a spherical weight of sixteen pounds, attached to a light, flexible rod—a clean distance of one hundred and fifty feet eight inches, beating the previous record by more than

five feet, and making Flanagan champion of the world. The previous champion, Mitchell, who had created the record of one hundred and forty-five feet three-quarters of an inch, was also a competitor at Bayonne, but scored only fourth in the hammer-throwing events. After his great feat in the seven-foot ring, American fashion, Flanagan turned his attention to the nine-foot circle, which is the Irish style of throwing the hammer. He won this event with a throw of one hundred and forty-five feet six and three-quarters inches, Chadwick, of Yale, coming second, and McCracken, of Pennsylvania, being third. The record is one hundred and forty-seven feet, made by Flanagan, and he came close to his record figures. That the great thrower recorded one hundred and fifty feet in the seven-foot circle and but one hundred and forty-five in the nine-foot is explained by the fact that he had latterly practiced solely at the American style. Flanagan's manner of throwing the hammer is peculiar. He puts all the force in distance, and wastes none in height, so that it seems amazing to see the weight sail so far, though thrown so comparatively near to the ground.

THE OPINIONS of DORIS ON TACT.



"HARRY, a woman said of me the other day, that she did not like me because I was so brutally frank."

"It does not seem like you to be *brutally* anything," said partial Harry.

"Well, the subject of my frankness may have been a brutal one. I did not learn what it was, and that may account for the quality of the frankness. Sometimes I think there is no medium between being brutally frank and brutally insincere; but the frankness is the better, because it gives you all the hurt at once. Insincerity is the hydra-head, whose growths are endless."

"Doesn't—tact—come in somewhere?" asked Harry, rather cautiously.

"Yes; it comes in too often. I read this truth in a wise little book one day: 'Tact is, in many cases, only another name for deceit.' It never recommends a person to me to learn that he has tact."

"I think tact is an excellent thing—a delightful quality, and especially so in women," rejoined Harry, warmly. "And you must admit that it is nearly always based on kindness."

"Yes; but it is so apt to make the kindness quite worthless in the long run."

"I don't see how it *can*," said Harry, stoutly.

"Well, I am acquainted with a lady—I call her a lady because she calls herself one; there is no such word in *my* vocabulary, as you are aware—who is celebrated for her tact. She never lacks the right word at the right moment. 'You look so charming this morning,' 'Your bonnet is most becoming,' 'How are those lovely children of yours?' 'When will you invite me to one of your delightful luncheons?' 'How do you manage to keep house so beautifully and yet give so much of your time to society and the outside world?'—and so on. These greetings and gentle praises are very sweet to each of us, individually; but when we discover that they are passed on, like convenient small change, to the next comer, and the next and the next, we feel as indignant as a child who has been cheated with something that looked like sugar-plums, and wasn't. Where is the kindness, then?"

"But why should any one offer you sugar-plums, Doris, or—their counterfeit? Isn't it because, in that way, they expect to please you?"

And Harry laughed, delighted that I could not, for the moment, find an answer. I could only ask, sighingly:

"But what is the reason we are so fond of praise, and yet, so ashamed of the fondness? Tact only exists because we are afraid of the truth. Why are women in their hearts so sorry for themselves? Why do we *wish* to be greater? Why do we yearn—and aspire?"

"Why, and 'why,' and 'why?'" repeated Harry, rumpling his hair wildly with both hands, as he always does when he is in search of arguments. "Good gracious alive, Doris! Let me ask you something. Why can't woman accept her destiny? And let me tell you something. Long ago, when the pagan temples were being built, that have lain in ruins for centuries, women were lecturing in forums and places, and wondering, then, why women were not other and greater than they *were*. I could have told them, if I'd been alive, what I am telling you to-day—that it was just because they were *women*, and it's for the self-same reason that you can't make them know that it is so! But, as far as men are concerned," added Harry, grandly, yet consolingly, "we spend one day thanking the Fates that you are just—women."

I was silent, but not silenced.



FIRST LAP, MILE WALK, FETTERMAN IN THE LEAD.



THE MILE RUN.



FINISH, 100-YARDS FINAL.



COLFELT LEADING WEFERS IN 220-YARDS RUN.



BURKE, QUARTER-MILE CHAMPION.



JOHNSON (YALE) WINNING POLE VAULT.



REMINGTON, WINNER OF BROAD JUMP.



GARRETT, WINNER OF SHOT-PUTTING.



WINSOR WINNING HIGH JUMP—SIX FEET THREE INCHES.



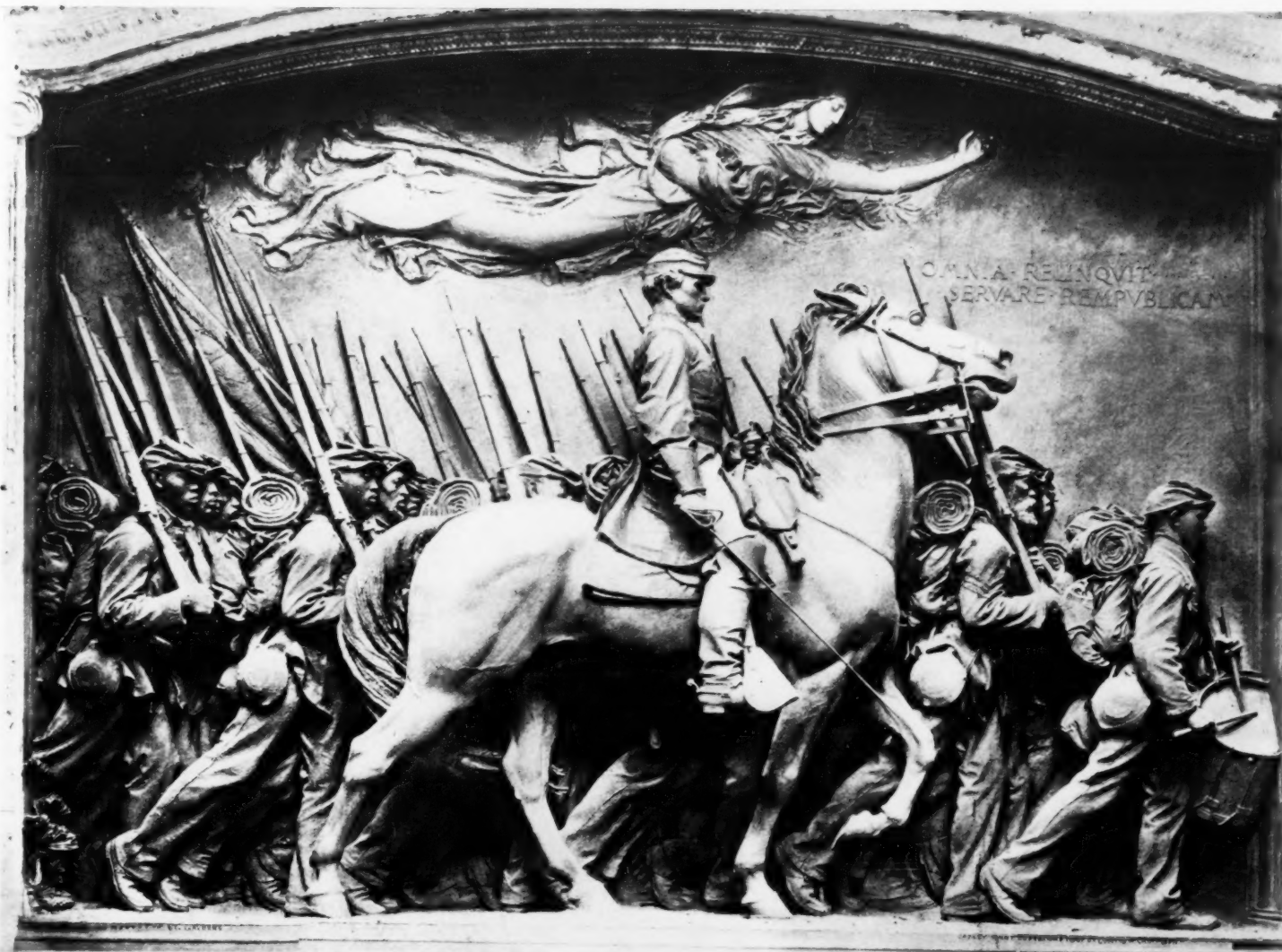
WOODRUFF WINNING HAMMER COMPETITION.



HOLLISTER WINNING HALF-MILE.

INTERCOLLEGIATE GAMES AT BERKELEY OVAL.

A goodly assemblage of spectators at the Berkeley Oval, New York City, on Friday and Saturday, the 28th and 29th ult., saw the field and track games of the twenty-second annual intercollegiate meeting spiritedly contested. The University of Pennsylvania won the championship. No track records were broken; but three new field records were made, viz.: for the hammer throw, by Woodruff, of Pennsylvania (136 feet 6 inches); the running high jump, by Winsor, of Pennsylvania (6 feet 3 inches); and the pole vault, by Johnson, of Yale, (11 feet 3 5-8 inches).



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THE BRONZE TABLET OF THE SHAW MEMORIAL.

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THE SHAW MEMORIAL, AS SEEN FROM THE STATE-HOUSE STEPS.—[SEE ARTICLE BY BOOKER T. WASHINGTON ON PAGE 397.]



CLASS OF 1897, UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY.—COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY PACH.

This is a photograph of the graduating class at West Point. These young men have just completed the four-years course. Each now receives a commission as a second lieutenant in the army. After a short leave of absence each young officer must report for duty and begin active service.

NEW YORK'S YOUNG GOVERNOR.

BY JOHN A. SLEICHER.



GOVERNOR FRANK S. BLACK.—PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN.

So little had been heard of Governor Black before his election, he was so completely overshadowed in the campaign, as a candidate, by the Presidential nominees, that many inquiries have arisen regarding his career. Governor Black has never exploited himself; and his aversion to public functions and to publicity generally has served to add to the apparent mystery which surrounds his remarkable and sudden advancement to one of the highest offices in the land. Therefore, as a matter of interest to the general public, we present the salient features of his eventful career.

During the session of the Republican National Convention at St. Louis last June, Mr. Chauncey M. Depew said to me: "I look upon Mr. Black as the ablest member of the Rensselaer County Bar; and if I am not mistaken, he will make his mark in public life." Quick was the fulfillment of the prophecy of this prescient mind; and if Mr. Black meets the test of the next few years he will be foremost among Presidential possibilities in 1900.

Born in March, 1853, at Limington, on a sterile farm on the southern border of Maine, one of a struggling family of eleven; pursuing his studies from his eleventh to his fifteenth year at Alfred, the county-seat of York County, where his respected father was keeper of the jail; continuing his studies at Limerick and later at Lebanon Academy, he prepared himself to enter college at the age of eighteen years. It was three miles from his home to the Lebanon Academy, and he made this journey afoot twice a day. Courage and determination were his. His resolution to be graduated at a college had been formed in boyhood and never had been abandoned; though he frankly denies that he ever entertained exalted expectations of prominence in public affairs. The young student's choice of a college fell upon Dartmouth, in the adjoining State of New Hampshire, and he entered its doors in 1871. He had been able to meet his expenses by teaching school, often instructing boys who were older than he. While at Dartmouth he continued to teach during his vacations, and he was thus employed at Provincetown, Cape Cod, when he met Miss Lois B. Hamlin, now the charming and cultured mistress of the executive mansion. He was graduated in 1875 with commencement honors and with the title of "Judge," to which his thoughtful demeanor and forceful logic

as a speaker and as the editor of the college periodicals seemed to entitle him.

Thus at twenty-two years the farmer's son found himself with a fine intellectual equipment, good health and a manly character, and little else, facing the realities of life. His abilities as a teacher had attracted attention, and he was in receipt of three offers to become the principal of high schools at different points, and at annual salaries ranging from one thousand to fourteen hundred dollars. The last was an offer received from Falmouth, Maine. His father wished him to accept one of these offers, but the young student chafed at the thought of confining himself to the school-room. A classmate had often told of his success in selling chromos and engravings during his vacations. Young Black and a student named Henry W. Smith, residing in Troy, New York, resolved to strike out together for New York State and engage in the picture-selling business. They selected Rome as the centre of their operations, for no particular reason except that it was centrally located.

Smith had told Black of the advantages the Albany Law School afforded, in that its course was short and inexpensive. Smith and Black had determined to enter the legal profession, and for the purpose of paying their expenses at the law college they engaged in chromo-selling. They had periods of prosperity and adversity; but finally the business was over-done and they decided to abandon it. In Black's journeys he had visited Johnstown, Fulton County, and attracted the attention of the proprietor of the Johnstown Journal, who asked him to take charge of the little weekly paper, and was so pleased with the young man's abilities that he left him in control during the proprietor's prolonged absence. This was while the well-remembered Conkling-Blaine quarrel was in progress, and Black naturally espoused the cause of the Maine statesman. The proprietor, who was a Conkling "stalwart," promptly dismissed the young editor.

Black, who had studied law in the office of Wells, Dudley & Keck, in Johnstown, while he was editing the Journal, finally decided to go to Boston, but stopped off at Troy to visit his college-mate, Smith. His funds having given out at Troy, he entered the law-office of Robertson & Foster as clerk. They had the first typewriter that ever came to Troy, and Black was soon

its expert manipulator. He received no salary and passed through a period of real privation, eking out sufficient to pay his landlady a part of her dues by copying, typewriting, and stenographic work, and by tutoring the sons of prominent citizens. Frequently he would work all night. Among his acquaintances was Henry C. Maine, now of the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, then one of the editors of the Troy Times. He assisted Black in obtaining a position as reporter, at four dollars per week, on the Troy Morning Whig. The good nature, courage, and frankness of the young law student stood him in good stead in those trying days, and when shortly after he received a clerkship in the Troy post-office, with a salary of seventeen dollars per week, to which he still continued to add his reporter's wages of four dollars a week, he felt as if he had attained riches, and quickly squared accounts with his landlady and also an indebtedness remaining to a picture-frame dealer in Rome.

Mr. Black's admission to the Rensselaer County Bar in 1879 marked the beginning of his successful career. For eighteen months he was in a local firm. Then he began to practice for himself. Within ten years thereafter he was one of the leaders of the Bar. Within fifteen years he was a member of Congress, and sixteen years after he hung up his sign in Troy he was elected the chief executive of the State. Only when the opportunity was ripe and events made an imperative demand upon his patriotism did he enter politics. This entrance was dramatic. Troy was a Democratic city. It was dominated by a Democratic "machine," at the head of which stood the present United States Senator, Edward Murphy. It was charged that certain Republicans affiliated with Mr. Murphy. A bitter fight over the mayoralty occurred in 1893, the excitement culminating in the murder of a Republican election worker, Robert Ross. The murderer, Bat Shea, was arrested and has since been executed. Mr. Black led in the organization of a non-partisan committee of safety, which prosecuted Shea and shattered the dominant political combination. He insisted on the purification of local politics, and on this issue became the local leader of his party. He was elected to Congress in 1894, and became chairman of the Republican County Committee the following year.

Mr. John M. Francis and Colonel Charles S. Francis, the proprietors of that stalwart Republican organ, the Troy Times, early espoused the cause of Mr. Black. His Congressional district includes Rensselaer and Columbia Counties, and he was therefore brought into close and intimate relations with that aggressive politician, ex-Marshall Louis F. Payn, of Chatham, the Republican leader in Columbia County. Mr. Payn was first among the Republican leaders to discover that Mr. Black possessed the strongest qualities as a manager of men, and the subtle Columbia County politician, who is the alter ego of Senator Platt himself, paid the tribute of his earnest support to the young man from Rensselaer. Out of this early unsought and unsolicited recognition naturally came an alliance between the two, which had much to do with Mr. Black's rapid political preferment. This friendship between two men so utterly dissimilar in all respects except in their devotion to Republican principles furnishes one of the remarkable incidents of New York politics. Mr. Payn is known as a practical politician who has no use for reform or reformers. Governor Black is neither a politician nor a reformer. He is both.

The new Governor is angular, tall, and smooth-shaven, and in Troy is called "Young Abe Lincoln." His long, narrow head is covered with dark hair, and his eyes are hidden behind glasses. His face is built on square lines. His nose is thin and long. The closed lips and straightness of the mouth indicate courage and resolution. He dresses plainly and neatly, but has never worn a silk hat. He listens carefully and speaks deliberately. His preference is for the Unitarian Church, of which he is a member. He does not like to speak on public occasions, but always speaks well when he responds. His sentences are clean cut, his diction is pure, and his ideas are original. He is thoroughly abstemious and temperate, but smokes in moderation, is not emotional, and sometimes seems cold. He has decided convictions, and cannot be swerved from his principles or his purposes. Such men naturally make strong and conscientious partisans. His favorite attitude is to lean back in his chair with his hands clasped behind his head and listen while he scrutinizes with keen eyes the face of his visitor. He has the power of concentration of thought to a marked degree, and disposes of his work with great rapidity, brooking no interruption, closing his door, refusing to answer calls, taking the telephone-receiver from its place, and concentrating every energy on his work.

Medical Men as Murderers.

THERE has been within the last few years a number of murder cases in this country of extraordinary interest, in which the murderers were physicians or medical students. These cases have invariably presented difficulties of the most intricate character at the trials, and conviction has followed in each case on evidence purely circumstantial, and after fierce contests between eminent lawyers. So numerous have these cases been that many persons are led to inquire whether a medical man, regarding life more lightly than others, is more likely to take it than another person.

William H. T. Durrant, who murdered Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams in San Francisco two years ago, is in the State-prison at San Quentin, where he is under sentence of death. His double crime was particularly atrocious, and, on account of the excellent character of his victims and his own good standing, attracted the widest attention.

Durrant is the last of five noted murderers in this country who were medical men, whose cases have been disposed of within less than four years. Carlyle Harris, who was executed three years ago for the murder of Helen Potts, was a medical student. Dr. Buchanan and Dr. Meyer were both convicted of murder in this city, while Dr. Holmes was executed in Philadelphia only a few months ago. As in most murders performed by medical men, poison was the means the majority of them adopted.

Durrant was a prominent member of the Emanuel Baptist Church of San Francisco, and he had an excellent reputation. He was very friendly with Blanche Lamont, who was extremely popular among her friends. She disappeared suddenly from home. On Easter Sunday, two weeks after her disappearance, her body was found propped up in the tower of the Emanuel

Church, with her clothing scattered about the floor. She had been strangled to death. The condition of her body gave plain evidence of the motive of the crime. Minnie Williams's body had already been discovered in a closet in the church by some girls who were arranging the Easter decorations. This girl had been strangled and stabbed. The motive of this murder is supposed to have been Minnie Williams's unconcealed belief that Durrant was responsible for her friend's disappearance.

Durrant was tried for the murder of the Lamont girl, and after a great legal battle of many weeks was convicted. Full reports of the trial were printed in the newspapers of this city. Durrant, it was established, had met the girl at her school on the day of her disappearance. They were seen to enter the church together. The organist met the man unexpectedly some time after the couple went in, and found him pale and agitated. The jury were out only ten minutes when they agreed on a verdict. It is said that over twenty thousand applications for permission to witness the execution have been made.

Carlyle Harris's murder of Helen Potts, to whom he was secretly married, was the first of three celebrated poisoning cases which succeeded one another rapidly in this city. The story is well known. He wanted to get rid of the girl, and resorted to morphine, which he administered to her in pills. The defense made a most determined fight. The ptomaine theory was unearthed, and expert testimony was introduced at great length by both sides. After conviction Harris's lawyers tried with desperate energy to secure a new trial. They produced evidence that the girl was a morphine-eater, and induced one of the jurymen to sign a statement that had he known this he would never have voted for conviction. But a new trial was never had.

The Buchanan and Meyer cases in this city were repetitions of the Harris case in the prolongation and intensity of the legal battles. Dr. Buchanan had poisoned his wife, a woman of bad character previous to her marriage, who had made her will in his favor. She made this will shortly after her marriage, and died suddenly a few days later, while slightly ill in bed. It was proved that her husband, who had prescribed for her and administered the medicines, put poison in one of these. He was executed in Sing Sing about one year ago. The skill he used in his crime would have concealed it had he had the foresight to cremate his wife's body. It was several months after her death that an investigation was started by a remark he chanced to make in a saloon. The body was exhumed, and arsenic was found in the stomach.

Dr. Meyer's victims numbered half a dozen, and were scattered all over the country. He had poisoned men and women in various cities to get the money for which he had insured their lives. His wife was supposed to be his accomplice. He was placed on trial here for the murder of a man named Muller, who had been one of his accomplices. Meyer's wife was a witness against him. He was sentenced to a life term in Sing Sing, though the verdict expected was murder in the first degree. The legal efforts on behalf of Buchanan and Meyer were even more persistent than in the Harris case, and the expert testimony about ptomaines, the formation of poison in the stomach after death, and other features, was very long.

The Dr. Holmes case was tried in Philadelphia. Holmes, like Meyer, killed a large number of persons for their insurance money. The exact number of his victims is not known, though it is believed he killed over a dozen men, women, and children. His crimes were particularly revolting, and were generally committed in houses he had built with great ingenuity. He was tried for the murder of a young child, one of two children, whom he had taken from home and killed in his house in his efforts to exterminate an entire family. He was hanged in Philadelphia less than a year ago.

This group of murder trials, in which the defendants were doctors or medical students, is pronounced by experts the most remarkable in the legal history of this or, perhaps, any other country. It is remarkable, too, that during the period of time covered by them there was not in this country an equal number of murder cases of great note in which the defendants were educated persons, but not medical students or physicians. The group is still more noteworthy when it is remembered that the ablest lawyers do not recall any number of celebrated cases of the kind in this city previous to the Harris case. The murder of Dr. Parkman by Dr. Webster, a professor of chemistry in Harvard University, and Dr. William Palmer's murder of Cook in Rugby, Staffordshire, England, in 1844, are well remembered as celebrated cases.

The conclusion to be reached is that medical men are not greater murderers than any other class, but that their crimes invariably attract great attention when discovered because they are invariably executed with great skill. That a number of crimes like those referred to should have taken place within a short space of time is, however, a striking event.

W. H. WILLS.

"Hell" Stories.

THEY may properly be called by this somewhat shocking title, since this is the word which seems to occur oftenest in them. They may be seen most frequently, perhaps, in the college periodicals, but they are found everywhere. We judge that Mr. Kipling is responsible for them. He probably did not "go for to do it"—but it is he, undoubtedly, who has brought down upon us this avalanche of weak twaddle, whose authors have evidently aimed to impart something of Mr. Kipling's fire and virility to their own effusions by using some of his wild soldiers' terms; but twaddle will be twaddle, and forever "of little meaning, though the words are strong."

It goes without saying that the authors of this *fin-de-siècle* trash are mostly young, very young. They have not yet learned that it is the thought behind the words which gives power. One of Mary Wilkins's delicate sketches may have lurking underneath its blossom words a bomb which at the crisis goes off with a percussion warranted to unseal the fountain of your tears, or send you into explosions of laughter, yet there was no invocation of supernatural powers and places. There was only the tremendous situation in which a human heart was suddenly seen to be suspended, or a swift unveiling of the depth or glory of life. These young whipper-snappers of authorship

must understand that mighty tools, like the strong words of the English tongue, become ridiculous and futile when they are flung about by weak and silly characters in a weak and silly tale. The edge of the weapons is gone. As the boys say, "They don't cut any ice." To change the figure, we have "a snap-dragon blaze setting up for a sunset."

It is one of the singular developments of humanity, especially of immature humanity, that it often sets out to win respect and admiration by putting on an affectation of wickedness. There is supposed by certain callow youths to be a profound imposition conveyed by assuming an air of *savoir faire*, by the facile use of profanity, by mastering the vocabulary of mixed drinks and other terms which should be familiar only to "crooks" and "toughs." This is part and parcel of the contemptible hypocrisy and the diabolic standards which are undermining society. Why not substitute innocence and sincerity and honesty where pollution and affectation and disingenuousness now exploit themselves?

The intimacy with the powers of darkness which these really not very bad young fellows pretend deceives nobody, if they could only be made to believe it. We are all pining for a literature with a real backbone in it. All this sound and fury which asserts loudly that it is backbone and "virility" bears upon its face the fact that it is nothing but a sort of disgusting black-guardism—the strong words are only the froth upon a weak veal-broth of imitation and plagiarism.

K. U. C.

"God Greet Thee."

(From our Special Correspondent.)

INNSBRUCK, June 3d, 1897.

"To grasp a firm Tyrolean hand once more!
To hear the salutation as of yore,
'God Greet Thee!' Ah! if only for a day
Among those pictured hamlets I might stray,
And hear the joyous jodel as it flings
Its mellow tones to trembling zither strings!"

sings Charlotte Coursen, after having spent several seasons at the *Hotel Tyrol*. It is justified enthusiasm, and unfeigned delight, and with equal ardor I repeat her lines, for, scarce anything among Switzerland's majestic Alps appeals more forcibly to our admiration than nature's exceptional grandeur as seen on every hand about here. A hundred times have I looked on its beauties, yet it ever tells a new story. Having spent a happy afternoon under a cloudless sky in roaming about the meadows which line the river Inn, I return to the *Hotel Tyrol* invigorated by the wonderful climate and the ozone from the rich forest, with a lot of wild flowers for the ladies who have preceded me. It is but fair to confess that this house is not only the first in all Austria, but it will compare favorably with the best in New York. During the long winter season it is a happy rendezvous for the Tyrolean *élite*, with a fair contingent of English, who come here regularly to escape the severe climate at home. In summer this resembles a fairy bower, for the court of this hotel is full of rare and fragrant plants, with romantic pavilions, in which is served a choice mocha—and such coffee as can only be had here. To sit in this idyllic court, at the very foot of the Dolomites, and behold

"Those awful mountains rise

In silver waves against the azure skies"

is worth a trip all the way from New York,—aye, even from San Francisco!

DEWEY.



HORACE CURZON PLUNKETT, M.P.



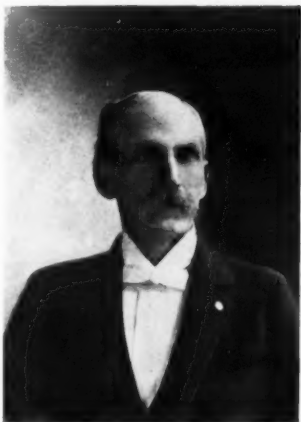
JOHN HOWARD PARNELL, M.P.



F. W. WILSON, M.P.



MR. ARTHUR STRAUSS, M.P.



T. S. PLOWMAN, M.C.

Photographs by Bell.



ROBERT N. BODINE, M.C.



RICHMOND PEARSON, M.C.



JOHN F. SHAFROTH, M.C.



L. IRVING HANDY, M.C.

The International Parliamentary Chess-match.

THE very interesting contest lately concluded between the chess-players of the United States House of Representatives and the British House of Commons attracted great attention by reason of its novelty, and of the many prominent persons who took an active interest in it. Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador at Washington, acted as umpire for the British team at the House of Representatives; Mr. John Hay, the American ambassador in London, acted in the same capacity for the American team in the House of Commons; Baron Ladislau Hengelmüller von Hengervar, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary at Washington from Austria-Hungary, was referee; members of the diplomatic corps in Washington acted as assistants at the games and aids to the British umpire, and the members of both houses of Congress took a lively interest in the progress of the contest.

Each side was represented by five players, as follows: House of Representatives—Richmond Pearson, of North Carolina; John F. Shafroth, of Colorado; L. Irving Handy, of Delaware; T. S. Plowman, of Alabama; and Robert N. Bodine, of Missouri. House of Commons—A. Strauss, member for the Camberne Division of Cornwall; Horace Curzon Plunkett, member for the South Division of Dublin County; F. W. Wilson, member for the Middle Division of Norfolk; John Howard Parnell, member for South Meath; Llewellyn Archer Atherly-Jones, member for the Northwest Division of Durham.

The British players were in the House of Commons, London; the Americans in the room of the Committee on Interstate Commerce at the Capitol in Washington. The two places were connected by direct cable and land wires, and moves were sent as rapidly as they were made in the games from one team to the other. Games were played on May 31st and June 1st, between two and seven P. M., Washington time (seven and midnight, London). The match was so well contested that it resulted in a draw, each side winning two and a half games.

It is probable that the international parliamentary chess-match will be an annual fixture, as it was followed with interest by the players of both continents, and the games were of excellent quality.

L. D. BROUGHTON, JR.



MISS NELL EVANS, DAUGHTER OF H. CLAY EVANS,
COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS.



MISS CAROLINE WILLINGHAM.



MISS ROSE LOVEMAN.



MISS ADELAIDE DIVINE.



MRS. GARNET ANDREWS, JR.



MISS ANNIE WATKINS.



MRS. MILTON B. OCHS.



MRS. HENRY O. EWING.



MISS RUTH HEYWOOD.



MRS. C. E. JAMES.



MRS. J. T. LUPTON.

The Belles of Chattanooga.

CHATTANOOGA has as distinctive an individuality as any city in the South. This is due to its location, its history, and to the hospitality and liberality of its social customs. Situated under the protecting shadows of Lookout Mountain, with Missionary Ridge and Chickamauga in the neighborhood, this place has an interest for every one who is stirred by the great happenings of American history. But of these the school-books tell and the encyclopedias make mention. They do not tell, however, of that unquestionable hospitality which pries not too closely into antecedents or motives, but takes the sojourners into the homes of residents who, confident of themselves, have none of that fear which restrains the *parvenu* in the great capitals. This kindly hospitality prevents Chattanooga society from any taint of provincialism. There are many kinds of people there, just as there are many kinds of people in the great world; nor is the tone monotonous. Indeed, broadness and enlightened catholicity may be said to be characteristic of this charming Tennessee town. One evidence of this is that there the young ladies who get married are not immediately pushed to the social background and given to understand that for them the ball-room and the other places of gayety exist no more. Not at all! The young married women and the matrons make the society and give to it its tone. This is as it should be everywhere, and as it will be when other places attain the cultivation of this charming town. But it must not be thought that young girls are neglected in Chattanooga. By no means! They are the rose-buds of this garden and they supply their full part of the fragrance and the beauty, while they are courted and petted and made much of, as they always have been and always will be in any well-regulated community with a regard for its own happiness. We take pleasure in presenting portraits of some of the charming women of whom we have spoken.



MISS MARGARET SHARP.



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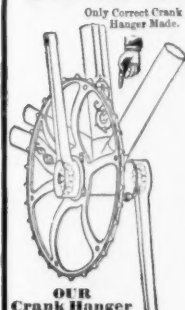
THE LANGHAM Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

OPIUM HABIT DRUNKENNESS
Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

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NARROW TREAD

The Only Mechanically Correct Wheel on Earth.



The Racycle crank hanger has from 20 percent to 30 per cent. less pressure on the bearings than the crank hanger of any other bicycle on the market.

\$1,000 in cash

will be paid to the first person who can demonstrate that the above assertion is not a fact. No cycle considered without the consent of the maker. All infringements barred. Address all communications to

RACYCLE
Middletown, O.

OUR Crank Hanger Does It!

Special Racycle, N. Y. \$100
Special Racycle T'dems, 150
Racycle, N. Y. 75
Our bicycles, 60

AGENTS WANTED.

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MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. CO., Middletown, O.



Model No. 3—\$100.

Wherever You Are

on the dining car, in the cafe, touring awheel, avoid the danger of changing water—drink

HIRES Rootbeer

CARBONATED.

Drives away thirst, dispels languor, increases your health, adds materially to the enjoyments of life. It's always ready for drinking, and those who know its benefits are always ready to drink it.

Sold by all dealers by the bottle and in cases of two dozen pints. See that HIRES and the signature, Charles E. Hires are on each bottle.

A package of HIRES Rootbeer extract makes 5 gallons. Sold as formerly, by all dealers.

The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia.



"Search=Light" Always Bright.



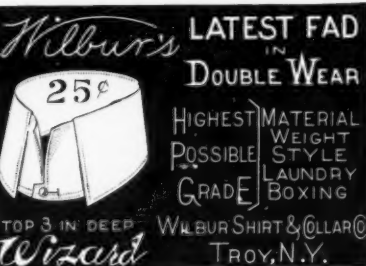
The Leader!

A lantern that does not jar or blow out. Reflecting surfaces are always bright. All riders say it is—THE BEST.

Bridgeport Brass Co.

Send for Catalog No. 45. BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.



"It may be true what some men say. It maun be true, what a' men say."

PUBLIC OPINION

endorses Sapolio.— It is a solid cake of scouring soap...

For many years SAPOLIO has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.

JUDGE'S PICTURE PUZZLES. \$250 IN PRIZES.

P. S.—"The correct solution of the 'Picture Puzzles' will be published in 'Judge', No. 820 (issued June 26th), and the names of those who have been successful in solving the complete series of puzzles will be published in the following issue of 'Judge' (viz.: No. 821). Those of our readers who wish to be certain in getting these two issues should order them in advance from their newsdealers, or else send 20 cents in stamps."

Address JUDGE PRIZE-PUZZLES DEPARTMENT, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York. The first installment of a new series of puzzles will be published in "Judge" No. 820.

TALKING-MACHINE RECORD-COUPON.

Forty Cents and this Coupon will buy you one TALKING-MACHINE RECORD.

Regular price Fifty Cents.

NAME,

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ONLY those perfumes which breathe the natural, refreshing odor of the flower are used by people of refinement. The odor should be delicate and pleasing, as from a bunch of freshly-cut flowers. Perhaps no perfumer has so nearly approached this ideal as Hudnut, of 203 Broadway, New York. Dame Fashion and her followers have not been long in expressing their approval of his latest novelty—the Concrete Perfume Tablets. They possess all the subtle fragrance and richness of odor of the flowers whose name they bear. Handkerchiefs, gloves, laces, and clothing may be delightfully perfumed by placing a tablet among them. One or two tablets sewn in a garment give out a delightful and lasting odor. Sofa pillows and various other articles that have hitherto been very difficult to daintily perfume quickly take up and hold the fragrance of these tablets. The Concrete Perfume Tablets are original with and made only by Hudnut's Pharmacy, 203 Broadway, who will send a handsome package of tablets by mail on receipt of fifty cents.

THE snap and tone you lack. Edge to appetite. Fuller joy to life. Abbott's Angostura Bitters gives these—and more. Must be the genuine.

THE name of Sohmer & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

RECALLED STORMY TIMES.

"Well, that looks natural," said the old soldier, looking at a can of condensed milk on the breakfast table in place of ordinary milk that failed on account of the storm. "It's the Gail Borden Eagle Brand we used during the war."

THE drink that makes you strong and gives you pleasure—GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE.

You know Dr. Siebert's Angostura Bitters is the only genuine. Don't be deceived.

Advice to Mothers: Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

Set of twelve Portfolios, sixteen full-page photos each thirteen and one-half by eleven, one hundred and ninety-two pages in all; subject, "Beautiful Paris"; edition cost one hundred thousand dollars; given absolutely free, with beautiful case, by Dobbins Soap Manufacturing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to their customers. Write for particulars.

Free to Every Man.

THE METHOD OF A GREAT TREATMENT.

WHICH CURED HIM AFTER EVERYTHING ELSE FAILED.

Painful diseases are bad enough, but when a man is slowly wasting away with nervous weakness the mental forebodings are ten times worse than the most severe pain. There is no let-up to the mental suffering day or night. Sleep is almost impossible, and under such a strain men are scarcely responsible for what they do. For years the writer rolled and tossed on the troubled sea of sexual weakness until it was a question whether he had not better take a dose of poison and thus end all his troubles. But providential inspiration came to his aid in the shape of a combination of medicines that not only completely restored the general health, but enlarged his weak, emaciated parts to natural size and vigor, and he now declares that any man who will take the trouble to send his name and address may have the method of this wonderful treatment free. Now when I say free I mean absolutely without cost, because I want every weakened man to get the benefit of my experience.

I am not a philanthropist, nor do I pose as an enthusiast; but there are thousands of men suffering the mental tortures of weakened manhood who would be cured at once could they but get such a remedy as the one that cured me. Do not try to study out how I can afford to pay the few postage-stamps necessary to mail the information, but send for it, and learn that there are a few things on earth that, although they cost nothing to get, they are worth a fortune to some men and mean a lifetime of happiness to most of us. Write to Thomas Slater, Box 529, Kalamazoo, Michigan, and the information will be mailed in a plain sealed envelope.

NOTHING CAN HAPPEN TO

DUNLOP Detachable TIRES

that you cannot easily repair on the road, and



THESE ARE THE ONLY TOOLS YOU'LL NEED.

Dunlop Tires are DURABLE and FAST. The fabric is not vulcanized with the rubber, and retains the strength usually lost in this process, making the tire hard to puncture and exceptionally resilient. There are more Dunlop Tires in use to-day than all other makes combined. They cost nothing extra on a new wheel. Insist on having DUNLOPS. Catalogue free from the

AMERICAN DUNLOP TIRE CO., 504 W. 14th St., N. Y.

Branches: CHICAGO, TORONTO.

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Beeman's

The Original



Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others Are Imitations.

BOKER'S BITTERS

A TONIC, A SPECIFIC AGAINST DYSPEPSIA, AN APPETIZER AND A DELICACY IN DRINKS.

For sale in quarts and pints by leading Grocers, Liquor Dealers and Druggists.



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Can Prepare Themselves

for contests in the athletic arena.

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Can learn how to Harden the Muscles

for century runs by following the system of training advised in

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Practical Training

For athletics, health and pleasure, by RANDOLPH PARRIS, A.M., M.D., Director of Physical Training at the University of Pennsylvania.

To those Who would

Carry Off the Honors

in track athletics and feats of strength and agility on the college campus, the following chapters on training and rules governing the events are invaluable:

Running in General
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How Far have we ridden?

THE VEEDER CYCLOMETER

Answers accurately.

Smallest, neatest and only reliable cyclometer on the market. Weight, 1 ounce.

PRICE, \$1.50.

For sale by all reliable dealers.

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Theatre Train for Chicago—12:10 MIDNIGHT—EVERY NIGHT BUT SUNDAY—via New York Central.



SHELL-FIRING.



HOMELESS GREEKS.

THE BATTLE OF VELESTINO—CONVOY OF WOUNDED ON THE RAILWAY TO VOLO.—*L'Illustration*.FUNERAL (AT DREUX) OF THE DUCHESSE D'ALENCON, WHO PERISHED AT THE CHARITY BAZAAR FIRE IN PARIS.—*L'Illustration*.THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES VISITING MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE AT HAWARDEN.—*Black and White*.

THE GREEK FLIGHT FROM TYRNAVOS.



GREEK ARTILLERY IN ACTION.



A WAR-ARTIST UNDER FIRE.

SOME GLIMPSES OF THE LATE WAR IN GREECE—AND OTHER EUROPEAN PICTURES.

IMPORTANT DECISION OF THE UNITED STATES COURT

IN FAVOR OF WALTER BAKER & COMPANY, LIMITED.

No other chocolate or cocoa can be put up, or sold, as "Baker's." The United States Circuit Court of Appeals for New York have just handed down an opinion in the case of Walter Baker & Company, Limited, vs. J. Elwood Sanders, who sold the goods bearing the name W. H. Baker.

The court orders an injunction in a fuller and more explicit form than that heretofore granted, and the new injunction will prohibit the use of the defendant's present labels and moulds.

The following quotations from the opinion indicate the scope of the decision:

"The defendant 'should not be allowed to use his surname Baker, whether his given name or his initials are prefixed or not, so as to indicate upon label or advertisement that the goods he sells are 'Baker's Chocolate.'"

He will therefore be prohibited from using in any manner whatsoever the word 'Baker,' 'Baker's,' or 'Bakers' alone, or the word 'Baker,' 'Bakers,' or 'Baker's' (whether the same be or be not coupled with other names or initials) in such a collocation with the word 'chocolate' (whether the same be or be not coupled with some further descriptive word or words) as to indicate that the chocolate so made or sold is a variety of 'Baker's' Chocolate. But defendant may indicate thereon in appropriate language that the chocolate is made or prepared or sold for by W. H. Baker, of Winchester, Virginia. . . . Since it is urged that the expense of making a complete change in all the particulars above enumerated will be extremely heavy, the mandate will, if defendant prefers, direct a modification of the interlocutory decree solely by requiring the affixing upon every package sold in type as prominent as the title, of the statement that 'W. H. Baker is distinct from and has no connection with the old chocolate manufactory of Walter Baker & Company.' Unless defendant prefers this change the mandate will direct modification as above set forth.

"The cause is remanded to the Circuit Court for further proceedings in accordance with this determination. Costs of this appeal to the appellant [Walter Baker & Co., Ltd]."

The attention of dealers is especially called to this authoritative definition of our rights, and they are warned against buying or handling the prohibited goods. WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED, Dorchester, Massachusetts.

FOR MEN'S TROUBLES.

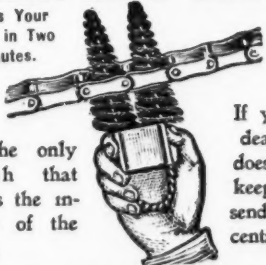
FREE CURE THAT A MICHIGAN MAN IS OFFERING.

Wants Other Men to Benefit by His Experience.

From Kalamazoo, Michigan, where the finest of nerve-bracing celery is shipped to all parts of the world, comes the report of a cure for men's troubles. It is a specific remedy that acts powerfully upon the nerve centres, and puts new life and tone into those organs that are lacking in vigor and strength, particularly in cases where weakness has come from excesses and habits that drain the body and soul of its life-giving secretions. H. C. Olds, whose address is Box 1881, Kalamazoo, Michigan, is the discoverer of this remedy. He suffered from all the troubles that come from follies and mental debauchery in early years, and not only restored himself to complete health but increased his organs to natural proportions and virility. As a result of this turn in his life he is celebrating the fact by sending the prescription to all men who are weak; he sends it absolutely free—not charging a cent for his trouble. This is true benevolence; it is the kind of philanthropy that counts, for not only does he give freely but he makes others more generous. They, in turn, help other weak men, and so the good work goes on. Send for this free prescription. Mr. Olds sends it in a plain, sealed envelope.

A Boon to Cyclists. BURNIP'S (Patent) CHAIN-LINK BRUSH

Cleans Your Chain in Two Minutes.



The only brush that cleans the interior of the links.

If your dealer does not keep it, send 50 cents to

L. H. LEADAM, Agent, 81 Pine Street, New York. Kindly mention this publication.



DEER PARK.

ON THE CREST OF THE ALLEGANIES. (Main Line B. & O. R. R.)

Season Opens June 21st, 1897. SUPERB HOTEL AND COTTAGES.

For rates, rooms, and other information apply to D. C. JONES, Manager, B. & O. Central Building, Baltimore, Md., up to June 10th; after that date, Deer Park, Md.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

Half the trouble of washing the hair, cleaning and purifying the scalp is done away with if you use this soap.

And then it's delightful for the every day toilet and bath.

CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP (Persian Healing)

Sold by druggists.

Crawford Bicycles

Not last year's models, but the latest 1897 improvements and equipment. Crawford quality and price are right. Agents wanted.

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Wm BARKER, Manufacturer, TROY, N.Y.

TEA SET (56 Pieces) FREE

with \$10.00 orders of Teas, Coffees, Spices, etc. Great reduction in prices. Send for New Premium and price-list, etc.

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A Thorough Revision of the Unabridged. Invaluable in the Home, School, and Office.

Standard of the U. S. Supreme Court, all the State Supreme Courts, of the U. S. Gov't Printing Office, and of nearly all the Schoolbooks.

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SMITH & WESSON Accuracy & Penetration REVOLVERS

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Luxurious Writing! (H. HEWITT'S PATENT.) Suitable for writing in every position; glide over any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel. BALL-POINTED pens are more durable, and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for 25 Cents, post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

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LONG BEACH HOTEL AND COTTAGES, Long Beach, L. I.



For particulars address A. E. DICK, Lessee and Prop. New York Office, to July 1st, 203 Broadway.

JURY NOTICE.

NOTICE OF COMMISSIONERS OF JURORS IN REGARD TO CLAIMS FOR EXEMPTION FROM JURY DUTY.

Room 123, Stewart Building, No. 280 Broadway, Third Floor, New York, June 12th, 1897.

Claims for exemption from jury duty will be heard by me daily at my office, from 9 A. M. until 4 P. M.

Those entitled to exemption are clergymen, lawyers, physicians, surgeons, surgeon-dentists, professors or teachers in a college, academy or public school; editors, editorial writers or reporters of daily newspapers; licensed pharmacutists or pharmacists actually engaged in their respective professions and not following any other calling; militiamen, policemen and firemen; election officers; non-residents; and city employees and United States employees; officers of vessels making regular trips; licensed pilots actually following that calling; superintendents, conductors and engineers of a railroad company other than a street railroad company; telegraph operators actually doing such service; grand, Special, Sheriff's and Civil Court jurors; and persons physically incapable of performing jury duty by reason of severe sickness, deafness or other physical disorder.

Those who have not answered as to their liability or proved permanent exemption will receive a "jury enrollment notice," requiring them to appear before me this year. Whether liable or not, such notices must be answered (in person, if possible), and at this office only, under severe penalties. If exempt, the party must bring proof of exemption; if liable, he must also answer in person, giving full and correct name, residence, etc., etc. No attention paid to letters.

All good citizens will aid the course of justice and secure reliable and respectable juries and equalize their duty by serving promptly when summoned, allowing their clerks or subordinates to serve, reporting to me any attempt at bribery or evasion, and suggesting names for enrollment. Persons between twenty-one and seventy years of age, summer absentees, persons temporarily ill and United States jurors are not exempt.

Every man must attend to his own notice. It is a misdemeanor to give any jury paper to another to answer. It is also punishable by fine or imprisonment to give or receive any present or bribe, directly or indirectly, in relation to a jury service, or to withhold any paper or make any false statement, and every case will be fully prosecuted.

WILLIAM PLIMLEY, Commissioner of Jurors.



A Slick Chain

maketh a merry run. Save half the work of wheeling and get twice the fun by using

Dixon's Graphitoleo

The slickest lubricant ever used on a chain. Never gum—won't hold dust. Lubricates every pin and pivot. Sample tube 15 cents. Dixon's Cycle Chain Graphitoleo No. 691, in sticks, 15c. per stick.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.

LEGAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD" commencing on the 11th day of May, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Board of Revision and Correction of Assessments, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the following assessments in the several Wards herein designated:

1ST WARD.—WATER ST. SEWER, between Wall St. and Gouverneur Lane.

2ND WARD.—GOLD ST. SEWER, between John and Fulton Sts.

2ND AND 4TH WARDS.—PECK SLIP AND FERRY ST. PAVING, between Pearl and South Sts.

3D. WARD.—WEST ST. PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, between Chambers and Murray Sts.

12TH WARD.—BOULEVARD SEWER, east side, between 114th and 116th Sts. COLUMBUS AVE. SEWER, east side, between 107th St. and Cathedral Parkway. CONVENT AVE. SEWER, west side, between 127th and 131st Sts. 5TH AVE. SEWERS, between 138th and 140th Sts.; also, SEWER in 139th St., between 5th and Lenox Aves.; also, SEWER in 140th St., between Lenox Ave. and Harlem River.

7TH AVE. FLAGGING, east side, between 110th and 118th Sts. 86TH ST. BASIN, north side, about 275 feet east of East End Ave. 91ST ST. PAVING, from Ave. A to the bulkhead line of the East River.

95TH ST. PAVING, from 1st Ave. to the bulkhead line of the East River, and laying crosswalks.

96TH ST. PAVING, from 1st Ave. to the bulkhead line of the East River, and laying crosswalks.

98TH ST. PAVING, between 4th and 5th Aves.

100TH ST. PAVING, between Madison and 5th Aves.

107TH ST. PAVING, between the Boulevard and Riverside Drive. 107TH ST. PAVING, between Columbus and Amsterdam Aves. 108TH ST. SEWER, between Manhattan and Columbus Aves. 109TH ST. PAVING, from Central Park West to Riverside Drive (except between Manhattan and Columbus Aves.). 111TH ST. PAVING, between 5th and Lenox Aves. 111TH ST. FLAGGING AND CURBING, south side, commencing at 5th Ave. and extending eastward about 100 feet. 111TH ST. PAVING, between 7th and Manhattan Aves. 112TH ST. REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING AND FLAGGING, from Riverside Drive to Boulevard. 130TH ST. BASIN, north side, between Hudson River and Boulevard. 146TH ST. PAVING, from the Boulevard to N. Y. Central and Hudson River Railroad tracks, and laying crosswalks.

147TH ST. PAVING, from the Boulevard to the N. Y. Central and Hudson River Railroad, and laying crosswalks. 158TH, 159TH AND 160TH STS. FLAGGING AND CURBING, between Amsterdam and 11th Aves. 168TH ST. BASIN, northwest corner of Amsterdam Ave. 168TH ST. BASIN, southwest corner of Amsterdam Ave. 170TH ST. SEWERS, between Amsterdam Ave. and Kingsbridge Road, with curves in 11th and Audubon Aves. ST. NICHOLAS AVE. SEWER, east side, between 135th and 141st Sts. ST. NICHOLAS TERRACE, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING AND FLAGGING, between 127th and 130th Sts. ST. NICHOLAS TERRACE, REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING, AND BUILDING RETAINING WALLS, from the south side of 130th St. to its junction with Convent Ave.

16TH WARD.—13TH AVE., PAVING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from the north side of 16th St. to the north side of 17th St. 17TH AVE. BASINS, on the northeast and southeast corners of 17th St.

19TH WARD.—1ST AVE. SEWER, between 47th and 48th Sts. 46TH ST. CURBING AND FLAGGING, in front of Nos. 310 to 326 East 46th St. 84TH ST. FLAGGING AND CURBING, in front of No. 425 East 84th St.

22D WARD.—73D ST. BASINS, northwest and southwest corners of Amsterdam Ave. 79TH ST. SEWER, both sides, between West End Ave. and the Boulevard. 84TH ST. FENCING, south side, between Amsterdam Ave. and the Boulevard.

23D WARD.—BREMER AVE. REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, from Jerome Ave. to Birch St. FULTON AVE. BASIN, southeast corner of 168th St. JEROME AVE. BASINS, on the southeast corner of 164th and 165th Sts.; also, BASINS on the northeast and southeast corners of McClellan St. MONROE AVE. SEWER, between 173d and Belmont Sts. PROSPECT AVE. BASINS, northwest corner of Dawson St. WILLOW AVE., REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING, FLAGGING AND LAYING CROSSWALKS, between 138th St. and the Bronx Kts. 135TH ST. REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING AND FLAGGING, from the Southern Boulevard to Locust Ave. 160TH ST. REGULATING, GRADING, CURBING AND FLAGGING, from Railroad Ave. west to Morris Ave. 167TH ST. SEWER, between Jerome and Gerard Aves. 169TH ST. SEWER, between Intervale Ave. and 167th St. 169TH ST. SEWER, from the west house line of Franklin Ave. to the summit in 169th St., east of Franklin Ave.; also, SEWER, in Franklin Ave., from 169th St. to the summit north of 169th St.

23D AND 24TH WARDS.—PLIMPTON AVE. SEWER, between Boscobel Ave. and Orchard St.

24TH WARD.—LORELLARD PLACE SEWER, between Pelham Ave. and East 184th St. ST. BASINS, on the northeast and southeast corners of Jerome Ave.; also, BASIN, on the west side of Jerome Ave., opposite 176th St. 194TH ST. SEWER, between Webster and Marion Aves., with branch SEWER in Decatur Ave., extending from 194th St. to the street summit north of 194th St. 195TH ST. SEWER, between Webster and Decatur Aves., with branch SEWERS in Decatur Ave., extending from 195th St. to the summits north and south of 195th St. WEBSTER AVE. BASINS, northwest corner of 184th St., and opposite Depot Square, south.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, May 17, 1897.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD" commencing on the 15th day of May, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for opening and acquiring title to the following named streets and avenues in the respective wards herein designated:

23D WARD.—GRAND VIEW PLACE, from East 167th St. to East 168th St.

23D AND 24TH WARDS.—NELSON AVENUE, from Kemp Place to Boscobel Ave.

24TH WARD.—CLIFFORD ST., from Eastchester Ave. to Bronx River. KEPLER AVE., from Eastchester Ave. to Mount Vernon Ave. ONIDA AVE., from Eastchester Ave. to Mount Vernon Ave. OPDYKE AVE., from Mount Vernon Ave. to the Bronx River. VERO AVE., from Eastchester Ave. to the northern boundary of the City of New York.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, May 18, 1897.

ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE ADVERTISEMENT IN THE "CITY RECORD" commencing on the 25th day of May, 1897, and continuing therein consecutively for nine (9) days thereafter, of the confirmation by the Supreme Court, and the entering in the Bureau for the Collection of Assessments, etc., of the assessments for OPENING AND ACQUIRING TITLE to the following named avenue and street:

TWENTY-THIRD WARD.—MARCHER AVENUE, at its junction with East One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street or Birch Street.

TWENTY-FOURTH WARD.—WILLARD STREET, from Mount Vernon Avenue to Bronx River.

ASHBEL P. FITCH, Comptroller.

City of New York, Finance Department, Comptroller's Office, May 26th, 1897.



THE DIGNITY OF OFFICE.

MISS PECKELDER—"For land's sake! look at Peletiah Hanscom!"
MRS. PECKELDER—"Sh! Marthy; he's hed t' hev a cowpay sence he wuz 'lected overseer of th' pore."

THE Remington
STANDARD TYPEWRITER
takes no liberties with its reputation.
The New Models
No. 6 No. 7

therefore represent a marked advance in practical Construction, increased Usefulness, prolonged Durability, greater Economy.
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Ladies' Shirt Waists.
"D. & J. ANDERSON'S"
Gingham Waists, Figured Pique Waists, Pure Linen Waists.
FANCY WAISTS,
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Dressing Sacques and Matinées, Dimity Wrappers.
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BROWN'S
CAMPHORATED
SAPONACEOUS
DENTIFRICE
FOR THE
TEETH

The best Toilet Luxury as a Dentifrice in the world.
To Cleanse and Whiten the TEETH,
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.
To Remove Tartar from the TEETH,
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.
To Sweeten the Breath and Preserve the TEETH,
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.
To Make the Gums Hard and Healthy,
Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.
Price 25c. a Jar. For Sale Everywhere

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10 in Bundle.

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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

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Bicycle should have the
Rubber Pedal Attachment.
Changes Rat Trap to Rubber
Pedals in ten seconds, without
bolts or rivets. Sets of two
mailed for 50c by ELASTIC TIP
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